

CHRONICLE

JUNE

Valda

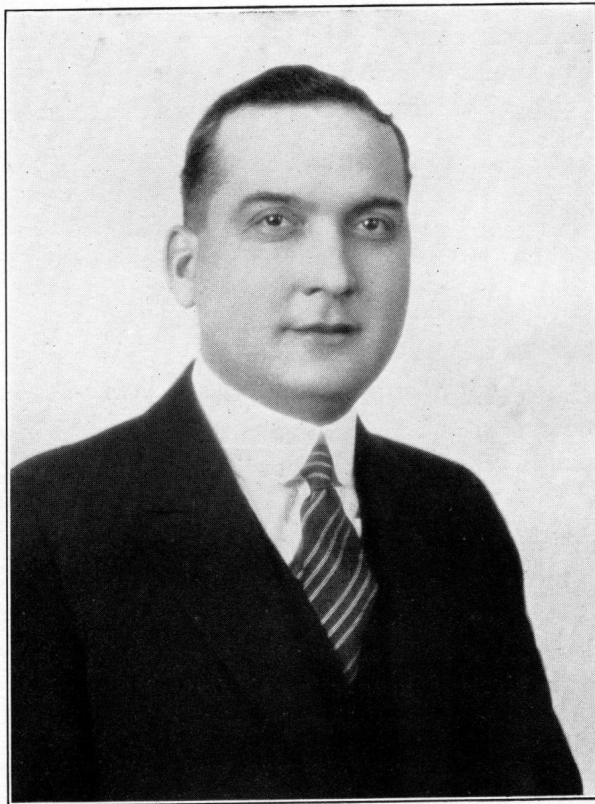
Valda Lorraine Fellows

1926



1926

TO WALTER S. FRASER, we the class of
1926, dedicate this Senior Chronicle in ap-
preciation of his kind interest and untiring
efforts in our behalf.



MR. WALTER S. FRASER

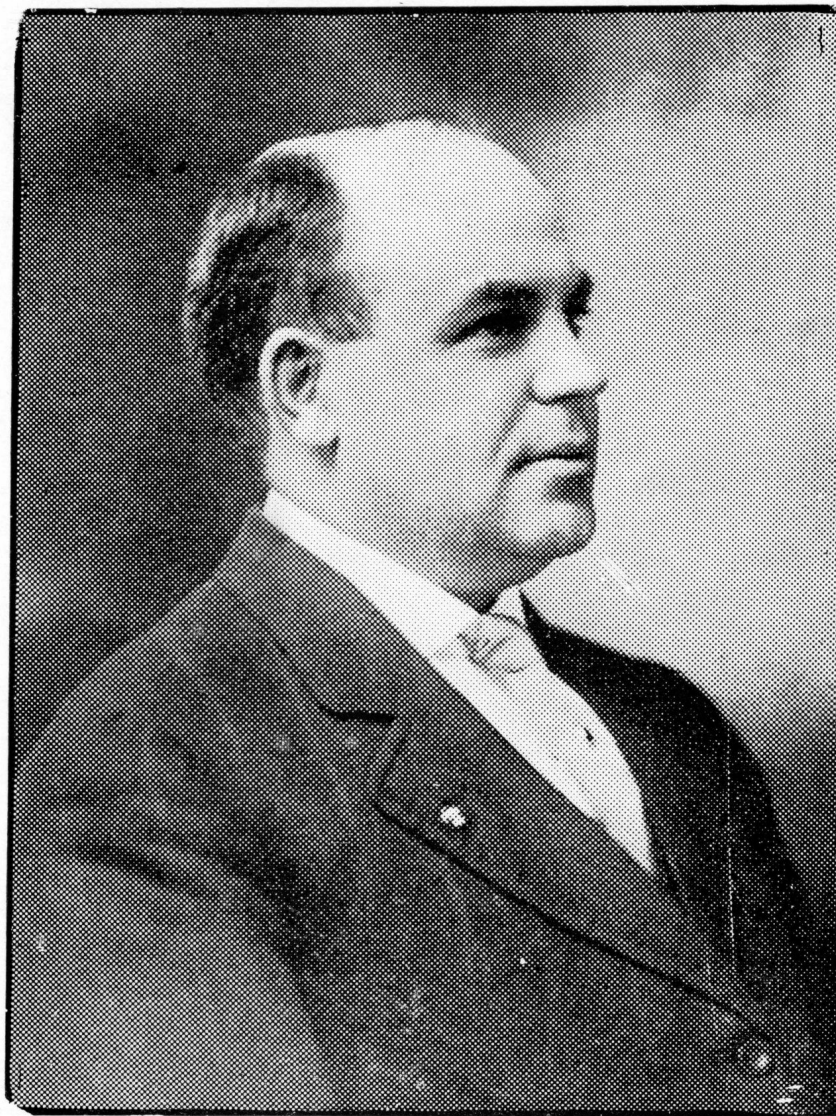
Dr. John B. Laidlaw

"A friend of every boy and every girl" might read the epitaph that would tell so simply the story of a life devoted to the service of children. Dr. Laidlaw loved the schools of Niagara Falls.

It was in 1910 that he came to Niagara Falls as principal of the High School. In 1916 he became Supt. of Schools. It was largely his vision that conceived and his energy that carried to completion the constructive, far reaching school program that included the Junior High Schools crowned by the Senior High. New ideas were welcome. Vocational Education, Vocational Guidance, Adult Education, were developed in his regime, for he possessed the comprehensive mind and the rare judgment in the selection of his subordinates that mark the great executive.

Unusual qualities were his; the constant personal consideration of the progress and promotion of the many children committed to his charge, the ready smile for each, the quick speech, the just decision, the almost uncanny knowledge of details, the kindly fellowship, the keen appreciation of those who worked with him, the sure recognition of worth.

An educator of courage, energy, and practical wisdom, Dr. Laidlaw has left his life work, the schools of Niagara Falls, as an honorable testimonial. To those who knew him as a constant and loyal friend, and this number is legion, Dr. Laidlaw will ever remain a cherished memory.



CHONICLE STAFF

ROBERT MACK
DORIS TAYLOR
MARION KNOWLES
ETHEL OUTLAND
DOMINIC SCARPINO
HERMAN GELLMAN

LEO WINIARSKI
WILLIAM LEWIS
GERALD HANSON
ELLA PARSONS
ELSIE TALLADAY
ANNA YOUNG

CHRONICLE TYPISTS

ELEANOR NIXON
MARGARET MALONEY
ALMINA LA TONA

PHILOMENA SCRUFARI
ARLINE HARTBURG
FRANCES PIETAK
JEANETTE GUZIEJESKA

ADVISERS

MR. BENSON

MISS CLEVELAND

SENIOR CHRONICLE COMMITTEE

THEODORE SCHOLTZ
EDGAR BARLOW
CHARLES DABOLL

MARGARET KRAMER
CHARLES PIPER
ELIZABETH SMITH
AMY HORDER

BUSINESS COMMITTEE

GEORGE KURTZMAN, Chair
WALDEN COFFEY

WILLIAM DOOHER
JOHN RINGLEP
RICHARD SHEPHARD



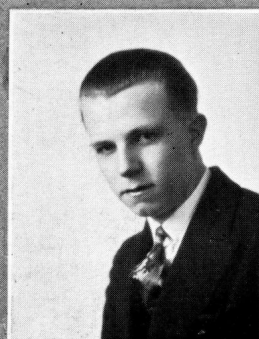
MISS EMMA HULEN
VICE PRINCIPAL
NIAGARA FALLS HIGH SCHOOL



MISS CARRIE INGRAHAM

FACULTY ADVISOR

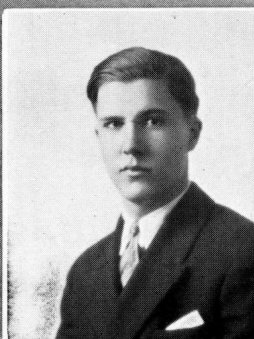
CLASS OF 1926



HAMILTON MIZER
Pres. Class of '26.
Pres. Debating Society '25.
Treas. Debating Society '24, '25.
Student Council '26.
Interscholastic Debating Teams '24, '25.
Captain, Interscholastic Debating Teams, '24, '25.
Literary Society '25, '26.
Extemporaneous Speaking Contest, '24.



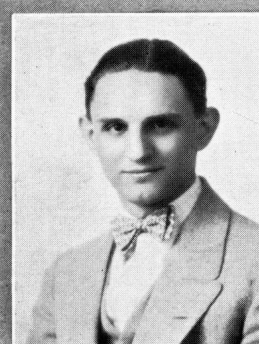
CATHERINE F. HOAK
A thing of beauty is a joy forever
Vice-Pres. Senior Class '26.
Literary Society '25, '26.
Treasurer Literary Society '26.
O. G. A. Certificate
Underwood Certificate
Underwood Bronze Pin.



BENJAMIN RHODES
Give me money not advice
Treasurer of Senior Class.
School Council.
Spectator Club.
French Club.



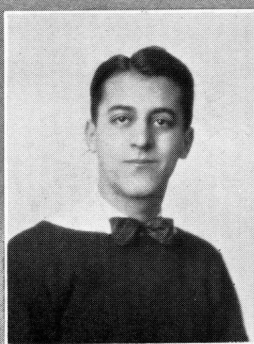
ESTHER KELLER
The greatest Blessing is a pleasant friend
Secr. Senior Class '26
Senior Committee Pins and Rings.
Committee Wing Colar Day.
Basketball '25, '26.
Senior Rep. of Girl's Athletic Council.



DOMINIC SCARPINO
A rolling stone gathers no moss
Thespians '23.
Varsity Football '25.
Business mgr. Chronicle, '26.
Circulation Mgr., Chronicle '26.
Finance Committee '26
Two Minute Drill Leader, '26.
Usher Committee '25, '26.
Interclass competition, '26.
Senior Committee, '26.



ANNA YOUNG
The pen is mightier than the sword
Dramatic Club '25, '26.
Literary Society '26.
Junior-Senior Dance Committee '26.
Chronicle Staff '26.
Children's Theatre '25



WILLIAM PERRI-CELLI
All the world loves a lover
Dramatic Club '23, '26.
"Why the Chimes Rang."
"The Muffin Shop."
"The Deaf Man."
"The Maker of Dreams."
"Gods of the Mountain."
Debating Club '24.
Usher Committee. '25, '26.
Senior Play Committee '26.
Senior Play.



FRANCES ARDAN
From small beginnings come great things
Dramatic Society '24.
"The Trysting Place", '25.
"The Deaf Man", '25.
"Zaragueta", '26.
Social Committee '25.
Senior Ring and Pin Committee '26.
The Senior Play Committee '26.

Senior Year Book

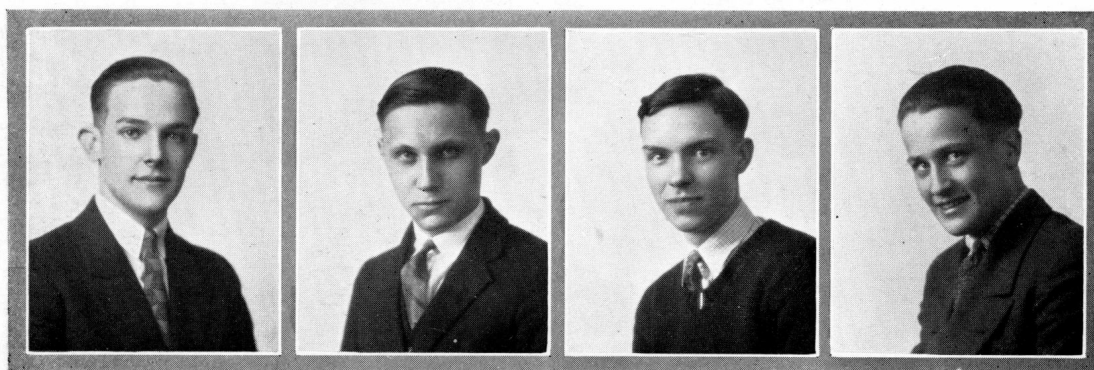


RUTH HILL
Water never runs up
hill.

MILDRED S. KUNEN
She is rich, who is
contented
Coral Club '24, '25.
French Club '25, '26.
Girl's Debating So-
ciety, '25, '26.
Literary Society, '25,
'26.
Treasurer of the
Science Club '25,
'26.

ESTHER SIEVERT
The diligent hand
maketh rich

ADENA BELLEGGIA
Music Hath Charms
High School Orchestra,
'24, '25, '26.
Secretary and Treas-
urer '26.
Vice Pres. Orchestra,
'25.
Senior Music Com-
mittee '26.
Literary Society '26.
Underwood Certificate



DONALD MACKAY
An honest man's the
noblest work of God
Thespian Club, '23,
'24, '25, '26.
Dramatic Club, '25,
'26.
Social Committee '25,
'26.
Student Council '26.
Usher '25.
Romeo and Juliet '25.

FRANCIS CRONIN
Wit and humor belong
to genius

KENNETH BROWN
Praise the Sea, but
keep on land

**SCHUYLER
WILLIAMSON**
Spare the rod and spoil
the child
Senior Ring and Pin
Committee '26.
Spectator Club '26.
Orchestra '25, '26.
Orchestra Librarian,
'26.
La Cercle Francais,
'26.



**GEORGE KURTZ-
MAN**

Encourage innocent
amusement
Speech is silver, silence
is golden

Debating Society, '23,
'24, '25, '26.
Dramatic Society, '24,
'25, '26.
Literary Society, '24,
'25, '26.
Student Representa-
tive of Athletic
Council '25, '26.
Student Council '26
Senior Play, '26
Class Historian, '26
Senior Chronicle Com-
mittee, '26.
Chorus, '25.

**WILLIAM BINGHAM,
JR.**

Young fellows will be
young fellows

Science Club, '22, '23,
'24, '25. Science
Secretary Club, '25.
Debating Club, '24,
'25.
Glee Club, '25, '26.
Vice-Pres. Glee Club,
'25.
Manager of Baseball,
'25.
Inter-class Basketball,
'24, '25.
Chairman Senior Mu-
sic Committee, '26.

GEORGE CARNEY
Debating Club '25, '26
Student Council, '25.
'26.

CORNELIUS McCABE
Ambition has no rest
Usher, '25, '26.



MADGE CROWN

RUTH SCHULTZ

O. G. A. Certificate
Underwood Bronze Pin
L. C. Smith Bronze
Pin.

Dramatic Society '26.
Underwood Certificate

Typing Awards

Underwood Bronze Pin
L. C. Smith Bronze
Pin.

O. G. A. Certificate.
Representative of
Student Council '26.

MARY DEGNAN
Good-nature is the
proper soil on which
virtue grows

ELEANOR NIXON
Chronicle Typist '26
O. G. A. Certificate
and pin.
Underwood Certifi-
cate.
Remington Certificate.
O. A. T. Certificate

Senior Year Book



ANNE SCHREIBER
*Fortune is unstable
 while our will is free*
 Dramatic Club '26.
 Vice Pres. Debating
 Club, '25, '26.
 Girls' Athletic Coun-
 cil, '26.
 Tennis, '25, '26.

ALICE GORDON
 Associated Music Club,
 '26.
 Choral Club, '26.

AMY HORDER
 Declamation Contest
 '24.
 Chronicle Staff, '25.
 Debating Club, '25,
 '26.
 Dramatic Club, '26.
 Senior Play Comm.
 '26.

MARY DYER
Better late than never

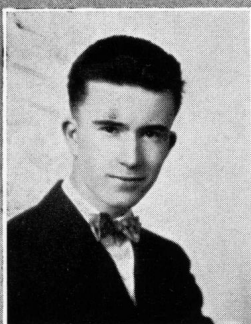


**HENRY G. WOOD-
 ALL**
 Varsity Football, '24,
 '25.
 Freshman Interclass
 Basketball
 Relief Drills '26.

**ANDREW
 HAGEMAN**
Hope is a lover's staff
 Science Club, '24, '25,
 '26.
 Secretary Science
 Club, '24, '25, '26.
 Treasurer Science
 Club '25.
 Bank Cashier '25, '26.
 Two Minute Drill Lea-
 der '24, '25.
 Literary Society '25.
 Associated Music
 Clubs '26.
 Chorus '25.
 Glee Club, '26.
 Romeo and Juliet '25.
 Asst. Tennis Mgr. '26.

CHARLES PIPER
*Physician, heal thy-
 self*
 Debating Society, '25,
 '26.
 Interscholastic Debate,
 '25.
 Speaking Prize.
 Extemporaneous
 President Boy's Glee
 Club, '25, '26.
 Associated Music
 Clubs '26.
 School Council '26.
 Senior Play '26.
 Senior Play Commit-
 tee, '26.
 Senior Chronicle '26.

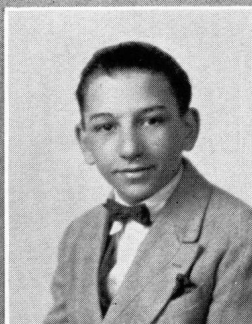
**SIDNEY
 HESSINGER**
*All orators are dumb,
 when beauty
 pleadeth*



WILLIAM R. LEWIS

Let a fool hold his tongue and he will pass for a sage

Class Prophet '26.
Chronicle Staff '26.
Senior Picture Committee '26.



DOMINIC CARMINATI

Young in wisdom, in wisdom old

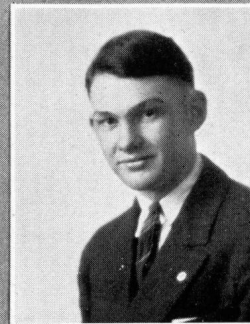
Dramatic Society '24, '25, '26.
Thespians '24, '25, '26.
"Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" '23, '24, '25.
"The Merchant of Venice," '24.
"Romeo and Juliet," '25.
"The King's English," '25.
"Children's Theater," '25.
"The Gods of the Mountain," '26.
Senior Motto Committee, '26.
Class Testator, '26.
Senior Play '26.



JOHN NEWMAN

None but the brave deserve the fair

Dramatic Club, '25, '26.
Treasurer Dramatic Club, '26.
Senior Play '26.



THOMAS G. JUSTICE

Fair play is a jewel

Football '24, '25.
Basketball '22, '26.
Track '25.
Champion Team Volley Ball '26.



EDNA HORNER



MARTHA REED

Brighter than the day

Literary Society
Senior Play Committee.
Typing Awards:
Underwood Bronze Pin.
L. C. Smith Certificate.
L. C. Smith Bronze Pin.
Royal Gold Pin.



MARGARET MERRITT

Merit is sure to rise



FRANCES MADAYE

The hand that grows, gathers

Class Statician, '26.
Chairman of Flower and Color Committee, '26.
Dramatics, '25, '26.
Thespians, '24, '25, '26.
Romeo and Juliet Play, '25.
The Merchant of Venice, '24.
Senior Play, '26.
Underwood Certificate, '26.
Underwood Bronze Pin, '26.
L. C. Smith Certificate, '26.
Remington Certificate, '25.

Senior Year Book

**MARJORY HARDY**

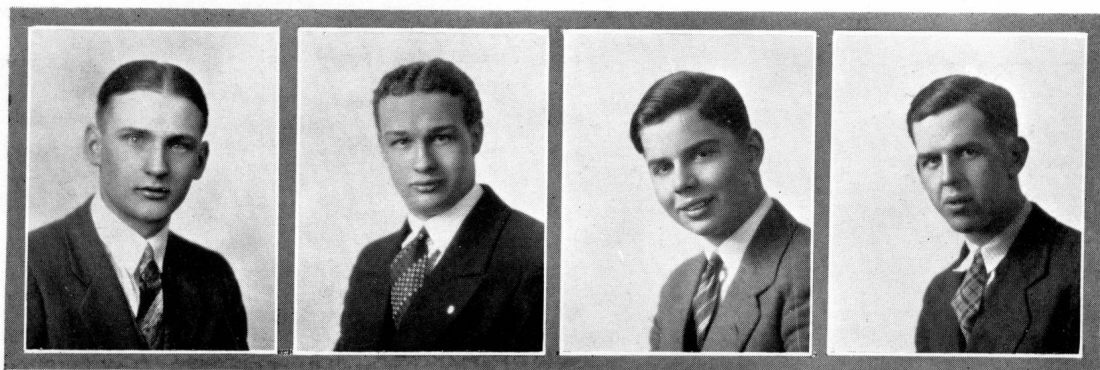
A good sport is always
welcome

Basketball, '23, '24,
'25, '26.
First Aid Committee,
'25, '26.
Orchestra '23, '24.
Senior Athletic Com-
mittee, '25, '26.
Baseball '26.
Vice President G. D.
S., '24, '25.
Secretary G. D. S.,
'25, '26.

**CATHERINE
INGRAHAM**

HELEN ROBINSON
Silence sweeter is than
speech

LOUIS NELSON
The mind is the man

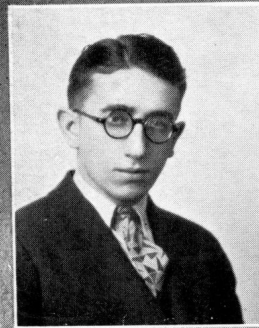


ARTHUR NICHOLS
The mind is the man

LEO WINIARSKI
Manners make the
man

RICHARD SHEPARD
I am sure care's an
enemy to life
French Club '26.
Spectator Club '26.
Swimming Team '25,
'26.
Senior Chronicle Bu-
siness Committee,

CHARLES WALTER
Courage in danger is
half the battle
Basketball, '22, '23,
'24, '25.
Captain Basketball
team, '25.
Asst. Football Mgr.,
'24.
Senior Basketball, '26.
Two minute drill lea-
der.
Cheer Leader, '25,
'26.
Basketball official
'26.
Int.-Gym Class Volley
'24, '25, '26.
Basketball official,
'24, '25, '26.
Chairman Loving Cup
Committee '26.
Baseball second team,
'25.



ELI MOSS

Love, knavery and necessity make men good orators

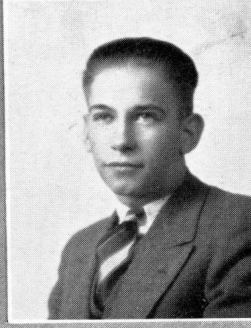
Interscholastic Debating Team '25-'26
Captain Interscholastic Debating Team '26.
Championship of Debating Club '25.
Vice-Pres. Science Club '25.
Prize Narrative '24.
Senior Picture Committee '26.



ISABELLE MENTOR

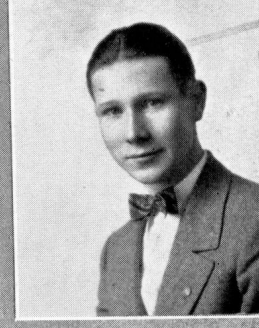
Precious things are mostly in small compass

Thespians, '24, '25.
Literary Society, '24, '26.
Girls' Debating Club, '25, '26.
French Club '25, '26.



DON ROYER

Speech is the mirror of the soul



MARTIN WILFRED

I know everything except myself



BERTHA REED

Action is eloquence
Literary Society '26
Underwood Certificate, '26.
L. C. Smith Certificate, '26.
Senior Play '26.



DOROTHY DOBSON

Constancy is the foundation of the virtues
Treas. Associated Music Clubs '25, '26.
Thespians '25, '26.



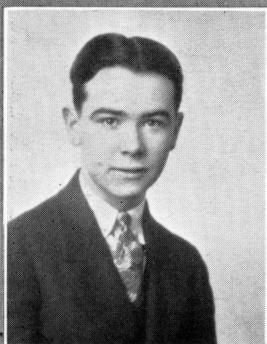
PHILOMENA SCRUFARI

Nothings worth so much as a mind well instructed
Bank Cashier '26.
Finance Committee, '26.
Chairman Senior Picture Committee '26.
Literary Society '25-'26.
Chronicle Typist '26.
Typing Awards.
Underwood Certificate
Underwood Bronze Pin
L. C. Smith Certificate.
L. C. Smith Bronze Pin.
Remington Certificate.
O. G. A. Certificate.



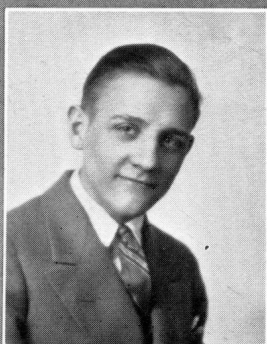
DORIS BEGGS

Accuracy is a paramount virtue

**LEO MURPHY**

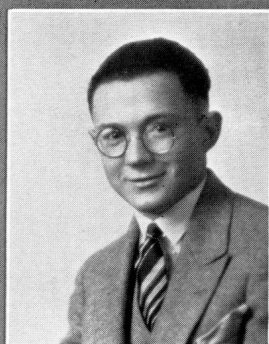
A contented man is
always rich

Varsity Basketball
Manager '25, '26.
Business Manager, Se-
nior Play '26
Captain, Senior Class
Basketball '25, '26.
Debating Society '25,
'26.
Captain Interclass
Volley ball, '26.
"Wing Collar Day"
Committee '26.
Interclass Basketball,
'23, '24, '25, '26.
Two minute drill lea-
der, '25, '26.
Track Team '25.

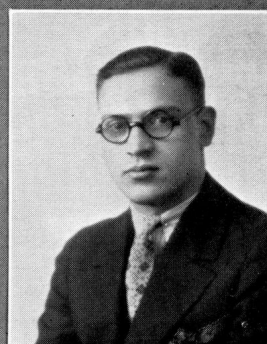
**JOHN RINGLEB**

The enterprising are
often lucky

Underwood Certificate
Underwood Bronze Pin

**CHARLES WEITZ-
MANN**

To be great is to be
misunderstood

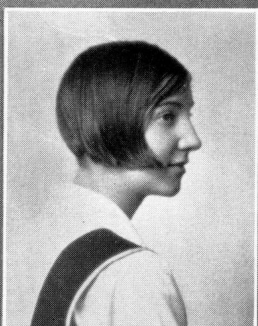
**NORTON OUTH-
WAITE**

Slow runs the water
where the brook is
deep

**CECELIA BOYLE**

Speech is better than
silence.

Girls' Debating Club,
'24, '25, '26.
Basketball '23, '24, '25,
'26.
Baseball, '24, '25, '26.
School council '26.
Tennis Champion '25.
Glee Club, '23, '24.

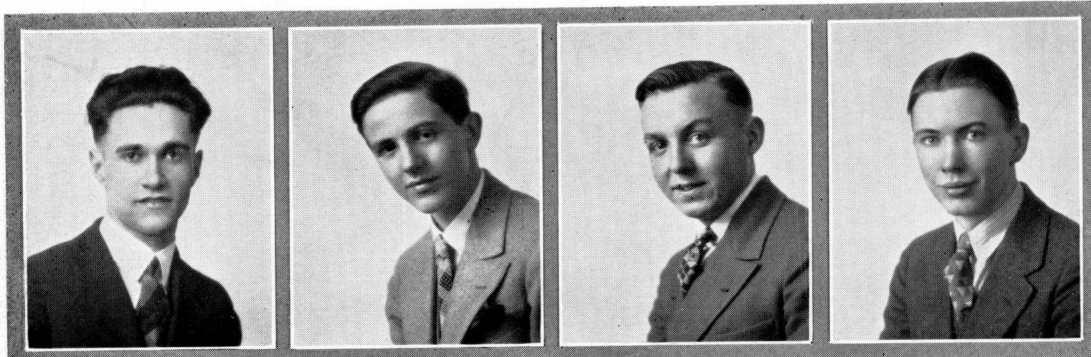
**LORRAINE MILLER**

I don't believe in
interest

**ANTOINETTE
MISCH**

The reward of a thing
well done is to have
done it

**M. BEVIER**



ROY REED

Whose words all ears
took captive

Debating Society, '25,
'26.
Chairman of Mem-
bership and Program
Committee, '26.
Interscholastic Debat-
ing Team, '26.
Literary Society, '25,
'26.
Secretary of Literary
Society '25.
French Club, '26.
Prize Story, '24.
Inter-class Volley
Ball, '26.
President of Student
Council, '26.

EDWARD D'ANNA

Where there's music
there can be no harm

President Associated
Music Clubs, '25,
'26.
Vice-President Or-
chestra, '25, '26.
Secretary-Treasurer
Orchestra, '24, '25.
High School Tennis
Team, '25, '26.
Western New York
Sectional Tennis
Winner, '25.
Tennis Representative
at State Meet. '25.
string Quartet, '25,
'26.
National High School
Orchestra at De-
troit, '26.
Track Team, '24, '25.

FRANK GOUGH

Look for a tough
wedge for a tough
log

EDWARD MAHONEY

Eat, drink and be
merry

Dramatic Society
Thespians
Romeo and Juliet
Senior Play
Senior Play Committee
Student Council



**THEODORE
LISOWSKI**

Memory is warder of
the brain

LUCILLE BECKETT

Plain truth needs no
flower of speech

**ELIZABETH
MUNSON**

A merry companion is
music in a journey

GEORGE SLAIMAN

Few things are im-
possible to patience
and skill



RUTH MILLER
Girls' Debating Club,
'26.
Science Club '26.

MILDRED ALLEN
The giver makes the
gift more precious
L. C. Smith Certificate
Underwood Certificate
Royal Certificate

**MARJORIE
CHAPPELL**
Little discourse is
gold

SARA SMITHSON



THELMA GRUBER
Truth hates delays

**JEAN B.
MacLAREN**
Vice-Pres. Junior
Class '24, '25.
Girl's Debating Club,
'25, '26.
French Club '25, '26.
Dramatic Club '25, '26.

ELLEN CARLSON

MARY FICNER
Diligence is the
mother of success



EDWARD WOOD
They laugh that win
Freshman Interclass
Basketball.
Relief Drills, '24, '25.
Varsity Football, '25.
Senior Class Basket-
ball, '25, '26.

**KATHLEEN
McMICKING**
The well of true wit
is truth itself

CHARLES DABOLL
Hitch your wagon to
a star

EVELYN HINDS
Vivacity is the gift of
woman
Pres. Stamp & Coin
Club '26.
Girl's Basketball '24.



**BERYL
RAYMOND**

ETHEL OUTLAND
The face is the index
of the mind
Dramatic Society '26.
Literary Society '25,
'26.
Senior Gift Commit-
tee.
Senior Motto Commit-
tee.
Chronicle Staff '26.
Underwood Certificate
Underwood Bronze
Pin.

JENNIE COLEMAN
God made the country
while man made the
town
Remington Certificate
L. C. Smith Bronze
Pin.
Underwood Certificate
Thespian Society '23

HELEN DEMPSEY
Industry begets
success

Senior Year Book



SARA BUTLER
Good actions carry
warrant with them
Bank Cashier
Orchestra

ELLETA FOSTER
To him that wills
ways are not
wanting

JEAN McCAULEY
A good conscience
knows no fear
O. G. A. Certificate
Tying Awards:
Underwood Certificate
Underwood Bronze Pin

MYRTLE WAY
Where there's a will
there's a way



**FRANCES
BRADFORD**

**DOROTHY
GARWOOD**
All honor to the wise

ETHEL DWOR
Laughter means sym-
pathy

**ARLEEN HART-
BURG**
A good face needs no
paint
Chronicle Typist '26.
Royal Certificate
Underwood Certificate
Royal Gold Pin
Senior Flower and Co-
lor Committee '26.



**HAROLD
BRUNSWICK**

EDGAR BARLOW
Fair and softly goes
far

Debating Society '24,
'25, '26.
Vice Pres. '25, '26.
Public Debates '24, '25
Interscholastic de-
bates '25, '26.
Captain '26.
Secretary of Literary
Society '26.
Secretary of School
Council '26.
Secretary-Treasurer
Junior Class '25.
Senior Chronicle Com-
mittee '26.

**JEROME BERN-
STEIN**

Dramatics, '23, '24,
'25, '26.
Swimming Team, '25,
'26.
Chronicle Staff, '22,
'23, '24, '25.
Social Committee, '25,
'26.

**THEODORE
SCHOLTZ**

Fortune and Love be-
friend the bold
Orchestra '23, '24, '25.
Literary Society '24.
Joke Editor of Chron-
icle '24, '25.
Student Council '25.
Dramatic Society '25,
'26.
Play, "Gods of Moun-
tain," '26.
Spectator Club '26.
Chairman of Senior
Chronicle Com., '26.
Student Council '26.



MARION LUTS
The will does it
French Club

ELSIE TALLADAY
Glory is acquired by
virtue

Chronicle Staff '25,
'26.
Underwood Certificate
O. G. A. Certificate.

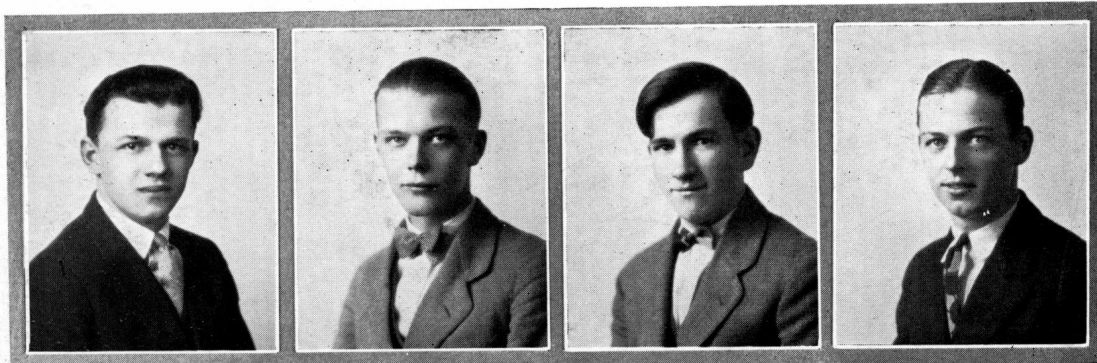
**MARGARET
KREMERS**

Oh, what a thing is
brains
Class Poet '26.
Senior Chronicle Com-
mittee '26.
Senior Gift Commit-
tee.
French Club '25, '26.

**JEANETTE
GUZIEJESKI**

There is nothing so
powerful as truth
Chronicle Typist '26.
Typewriting Awards:
O. G. A. Certificate
Royal Certificate
Underwood Certificate
L. C. Smith Certifi-
cate.
L. C. Smith Bronze
Pin.
Underwood Bronze Pin
Remington Silver Pin
Royal Gold Pin.

Senior Year Book



JOSEPH MADEJ
Fortune assists the
bold

HAROLD DAWSON
Chronicle Staff '25.
Stamp and Coin Slub,
'25, '26.

CHARLES PETTIT
Manners make the
man

FRANCIS
McMAHON



RUTH GORBATY
I always get the bet-
ter when I argue
alone
Pres. Girls Debating
Club, '25, '26.
Dramatic Club, '25,
'26.

KATHRYN
BUTLER
A clear conscience is
a good pillow
Bank Cashier '26.
Library Assistant '26.
Literary Society '25,
'26.
Thespians '24.

E. SMITH

GLADYS
SCHUMACHER
Fearless minds climb
soonest into crowns
Underwood Certificate
'26.
L. C. Smith Certifi-
cate, '26.



**WINIFRED
SHRUBSALL**

A good friend is the
greatest reason
Underwood Certificate.
Literary Society '26.

ROSE GORNBEIN

A cheerful countenance
betokens a
good heart
Thespians '24, '25.
Literary Society '24
'22.
French Club '26.
Girls' Debating Club,
'26.
Spectator Club '26.

MARJORIE DOYLE

Christmas Glee Club,
'24.
Stamps and Coin Club,
'26.
Senior Basketball '26.

FLORENCE WALES

To the victor belongs
the spoils



ALMINA LA TONA
Rely on yourself

Tennis Team '26.
Chronicle Typist
Typewriting Awards:
Royal Gold Pin
Royal Certificate
Underwood Certificate
Underwood Bronze
Pin.
Underwood Silver Pin
Remington Silver Pin
L. C. Smith Certificate.
L. C. Smith Bronze
Pin.
L. C. Smith Silver
Pin.
O. G. A. Certificate.

**CLEMENTINE
HOGAN**

Beauty is power; a
smile is its sword
Dramatics '25.
Chronicle Staff '25.
Senior Basketball '26.
Royal Certificate
Typing Awards:
Royal Gold Pin
L. C. Smith Bronze
Pin.
L. C. Smith Gold
Pin.
Underwood Bronze
Pin.
Underwood Silver Pin.
Remington Certificate
Royal Advanced Certificate
of Proficiency.

ARLEEN GREEN

Defer not till
tomorrow to be wise
Literary Society '25.
Choral Club '25.

FRANCES O'CONNOR

A fond mother produces mischief
Literary Society '24,
'25.
French Club, '25.
Basket Ball '25.
Senior Life Saving
Pin '26.
Senior Cup Committee,
'26.
Senior Play, '26.

Senior Year Book

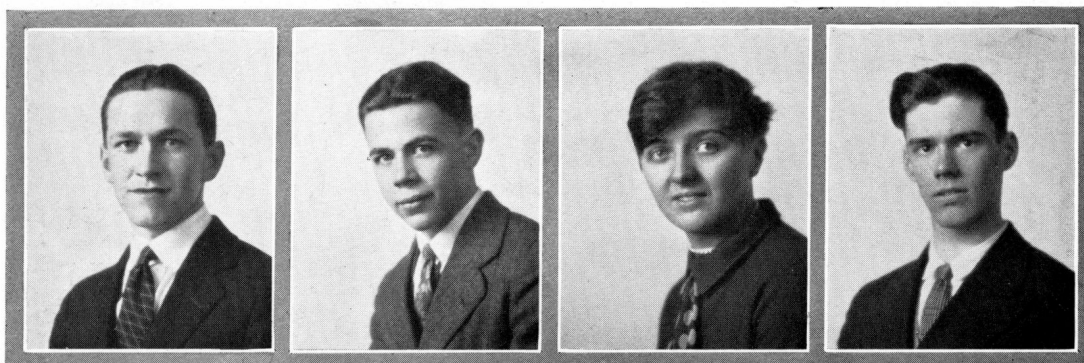


KATHLEEN
MITCHELL

MARIE SYLVA
Skill is stronger than
strength
Glee Club, '24
Girls Debating Society,
'25.
Dramatic Society, '26
Underwood Certificate,
'26.

JULIA MURPHY
Sweet is revenge, es-
pecially to women

LAURA METZGER
Thespians '25.
L. C. Smith Bronze
Pin.
Underwood Silver Pin
Underwood Certificate
Romeo and Juliet '25.

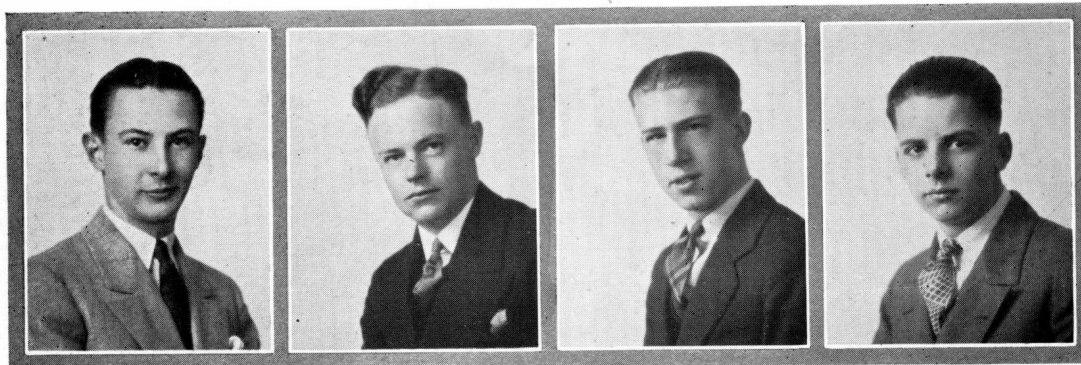


WALTER KUR-
KOWSKI
Who sings drives care
away.
Boy's Glee Club, '25,
'26.
Chorus '25.

WALTER TRYON
Young fellows will be
young fellows

IRENE LEWIS
Such is the man, such
is his discourse
Social Comm., '25,
'26.
Stamp and Coin Club,
'25, '26.
Dramatic Society, '26.
Christmas Play '23.
G. Debating Club,
'24, '25.
G. Swimming Team
(Mgr.) '26.

CECIL HUNT
Glee Club '26.



SANFORD BROWNLEE
He who has heard the world acquires eloquence

GORDON SIMPKINS
The enterprising are often fortunate
Niagara Falls Vocational School.
Varsity Basketball '21.
Baseball '21.
2 minute drill instructor.

RICHARD EDWARDS
Easy come, easy go
Debating Society '26.
Student Council '26.
Chairman, Courtesy Comm., '26.

WILLIAM F. ANDERSON
Literary Society '24.
Debating Society, '25, '26.
Treasurer Debating Society, '25.
Swimming Team, '26.



IRENE HASTEE
Avoid the ford, in which your friend was drowned
Underwood Certificate
L. C. Smith Certificate.
Dramatic Society '26.
Bank Cashier '26.
Underwood Certificate

MATILDA LINCOLN
Every path has its puddle
Thespians '24.
Merchant of Venice, '24.

FRANCIS GUARINO
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train

MARIE CROWN
Thought is free

Senior Year Book

**JEAN G. MACLAREN**

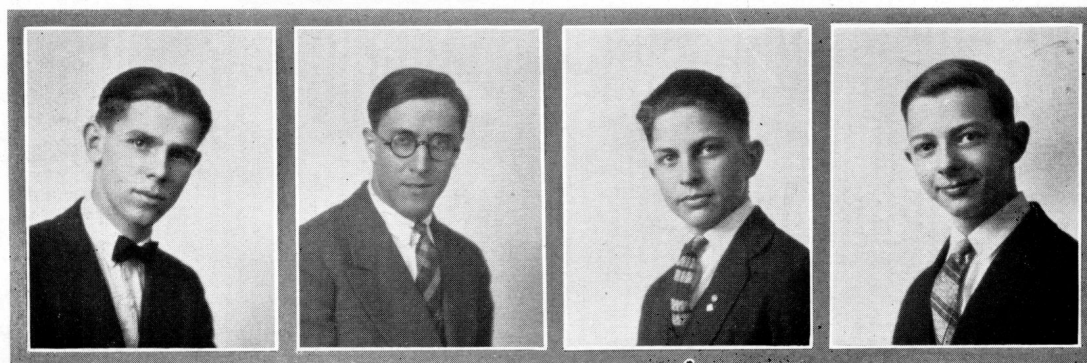
Will is power
Library Staff '26
Order of Gregg Artists
'26.
Literary Society '26.

JANICE NICHOLS

Of saving comes hav-
ing

**MINNIE
BLANKSTEIN****ELSIE GREENWALD**

The voice is the
flower of beauty

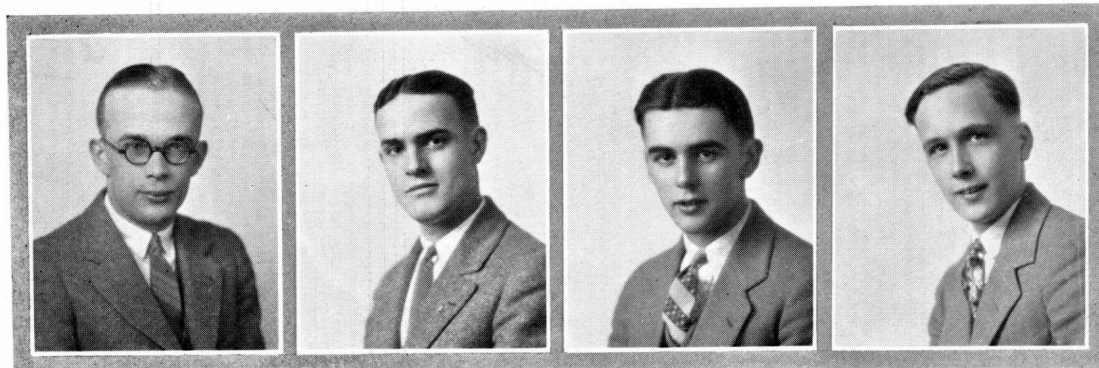


ROBERT R. CLARK
Orchestra '23, '24, '25,
'26.
Chorus '25, '25.
Glee Club '24, '25, '26.
Il Trovatore '25.
Student Director of
Orchestra, '25.
Senior Music Commit-
tee, '25.

**ANTHONY
GAETA**

LEONARD BRADT
As solemn as a judge
Usher '25.
'25.
Class Color Comm.,
French Club '25.

GERALD HANSON
Wit is the salt of con-
versation
Chronicle '26



PAUL JENSS

Freshman Baseball '20
Athletic Council. '23,
'24.
Student Council '25.

JOHN NORTHRUP
Fame is the thirst of
youth

VERN MESTLER
Variety's the very
spice of life

President Junior Class
Social Committee '24.
Treasurer Social Com-
mittee, '25.
President Social Com-
mittee '26.
Interclass basketball,
'26.
Literary society '25.
Track team, '26.
School Council '25.
Two minute drill lea-
der, '25, '26.
Junior-Senior Dance
Committee '26.
Gym league basket-
ball, '23, '24, '25,

RICHARD BURKEY
Ask me no questions,
I'll tell you no fibs



FRANCES PIETAK

Good things should
be praised
Chronicle Typist, '25,
'26.
Underwood Certifi-
cate.
Royal Certificate.
L. C. Smith Bronze
Pin.

DORIS REYNOLDS

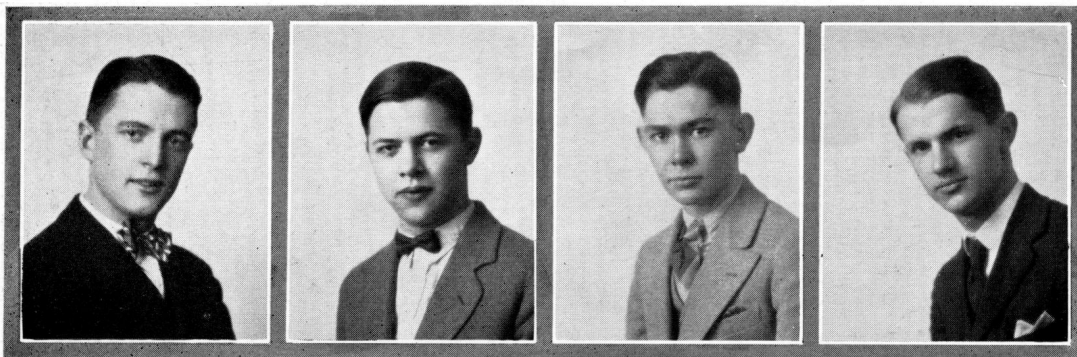
Contentment opens
the source of every
joy
O. G. A. Certificate
Underwood Certificate

FLORENCE LYKES

A smile for everybody
Basketball '23

ANNE DORGAN

Senior Year Book



WILLIAM DOOHER
Ambition has no rest
Baseball '24,
Tennis '25, '26.
Chronicle Staff '25,
Two Minute Drill '25,
'26.
Senior Chronicle Com-
mittee '26.

LEONARD OTTO
Knowledge is
power

**ARTHUR FITZGER-
ALD**
A man can do no more
than he can

FRED BAKER
A close mouth catches
no flies



JULIA ROTUNDA
Small axes fell great
trees
Literary Society, '24,
'25, '26.
O. G. A. Certificate.
Underwood Certificate
Typing Awards:
L. C. Smith Certifi-
cate.

RUTH ROGERS
Wise to resolve and
patient to perform

**ELIZABETH T.
SMITH**
Exceedingly well-read
Senior Chronicle
Committee, '26
Treasurer School
Council, '23.
Order of Gregg Artists
Certificate '26.
Underwood Certifi-
cate.
Underwood Silver Pin.
L. C. Smith Bronze
Pin.
L. C. Smith Silver
Pin.
Remington Silver Pin.
Remington Gold Pin.
Well Prize Extempor-
aneous Speaking '25

DAISY DEAN



GLADYS PERRIGO

GERTRUDE
WATERS

Knowledge is more
than equivalent to
force

LOTTIE JAZANIK
To truth belongs free-
dom

O. G. A. Shorthand
Certificate, '26.
L. C. Smith Certifi-
cate, '26.
Underwood Certifi-
cate, '26.
Baseball, '26.

ELIZABETH D.
MacARTHUR

To do is to succeed
French Club '26
Literary Club '26
Girl's Debating So-
ciety, '26.



VINCENT McCARTY
Be just and fear not

ENID FELLOWS
Thoughts rule the
world

JOHN BROWNLEE

JAMES HANCOCK
Glee Club '25
Chronicle '24

Senior Year Book



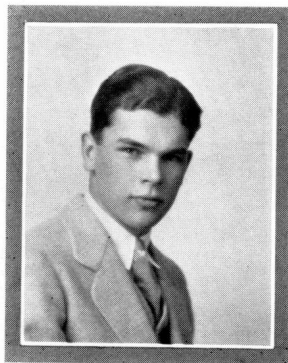
MARY ELIZABETH
WALLACE

"Neat, not gaudy"
Science Club '24, '25,
'26.
Vice-Pres. Science
Club '25.
Girls Debating Society,
'24, '25, '26.
Secretary of Girls De-
bating Society '24,
'25.
Literary Society '23,
'24, '25.
French Club '25, '26.
Social Committee '24,
'25.

EDYTHE CROFT
Good conduct over-
comes ill fortune

ETHEL MORRIS
Oh, the light that
lies in a woman's
eyes

JEANETTE
STAMBORSKI



HARRY DUMVILLE
None but the brave
deserves the fair



NELSON BAUM

GORDON MACKAY
Handsome is as hand-
some does

Romeo and Juliet '25
Thespians '24, '25.
Junior Senior Dance
Committee '26.



LIONEL
ABELSON
It is easier to be cri-
tical than correct

BONIFACE FELL
He knows on which
side his bread is but-
tered

ELSIE BATTSON

Honor is the reward
of virtue

WALDEN COFFEY

Judicious absence is a
weapon

ELIZABETH
COUGHLIN

Action is the proper
fruit of knowledge

THEODORE DE
LORENZO

Amiability shines by
its own light

FRANK FRICASSI

HAROLD JONES

FRANCIS KRUEGAR

VIVIAN LANE

LILLIAN FRANCES
WRIGHT

Tennis Tournament,
'25.
Wing Collar Day Com-
mittee, '26.
Girls' Swimming Com-
mittee '26.

JOHN ADAMS

Speak for yourself
John

PAULINE BARTON

A woman's forte is
her piano

EVELYN EVANS

The shortest pleasures
are the sweetest

EARL IRISH

Justice is the soul of
the universe

FRANCIS PHILLIPS

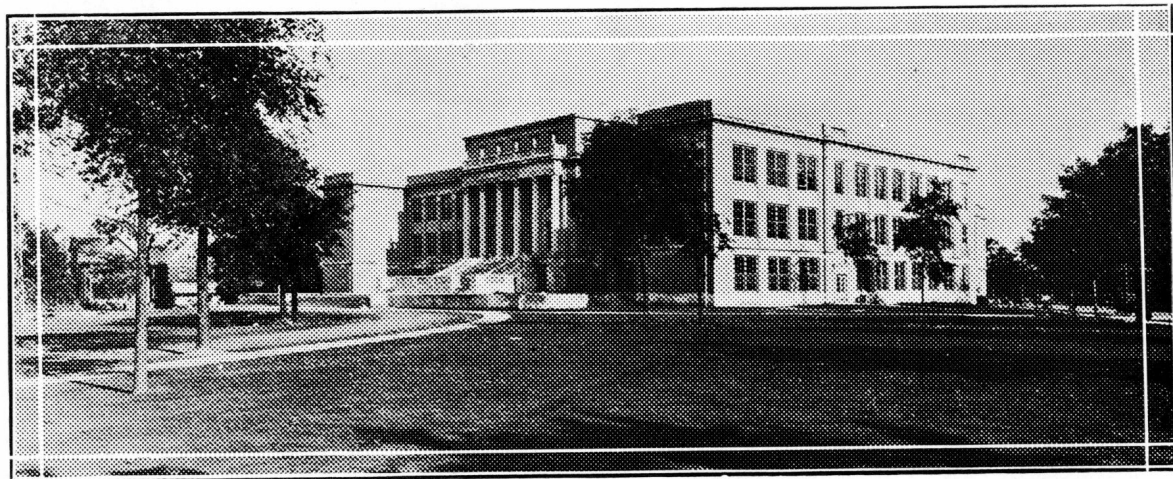
The truly civilized
man has no enemies

RUTHVEN POR-
TER

Wisdom is the con-
queror of fortune

GEORGE ZAKER

Young in limbs, in
judgment old



NIAGARA FALLS HIGH SCHOOL



History of the Class of 1926

The Class of 1926 of the Niagara Falls High School will hold a distinguished place in the history of educational institutions. The Class prides itself on the unique record it has made, a record made possible by hard labor and sincerity on the part of its members.

The duty of relating the history of this noble and dignified class, falls upon me.

On the first Tuesday after the first Monday in September, 1922, we became students of the Niagara Falls High School. On account of the destruction of the High School by fire, we started upon our educational career in the newly-built Maple Avenue School. It was very hard for us to get accustomed to the calmness that prevailed here, because we were used to the noise of the city. We would have felt entirely lost in this pleasant and far-removed spot, if it had not been for the old Tonawanda Trolley, which broke, at times, the calmness that enveloped this section, with the noise of its flat wheels.

Our Freshman year was indeed an agreeable and eventful one. Under the guidance of Miss Neff, we were made to feel at home. Our class was made up of about 400 students. We were instructed by a capable staff of about forty teachers. Our classes began at one and closed at five.

We found great pleasure in our spacious swimming-pool. The upper-classmen spoke of us as children diving like sleek little seals into a jade and silver pool. We were unmoved by this statement, because we knew that they were jealous.

The banner event of the year was the Winter Carnival, which was held on November 10, in the gymnasium. There were six side-shows. This affair appealed to us to such an extent that we turned out almost in full number. Our class has claimed the honor of making the Eskimo Pie famous, for it was from the time of the carnival that this sort of refreshment gained prominence at school socials.

A year mingled with hard labor and good times soon passed by. June came and we found ourselves Sophomores; that is, most of us. A few of our classmates, being too young to assume the responsibilities of Sophomores, were con-

tented to remain behind, to inspire the incoming Frosh.

In the fall of 1923, we entered the South Junior High School, to carry on our school work as Sophomores. We were indeed glad to be back in the old town again, and to enjoy the comforts that the South Junior High School provided. A long spell of intense work was broken by the Bargain Sale Hop, which was held in the Annex. Our class displayed its usual taste for socials by turning out in large numbers. The most outstanding event of the year was Wing Colar Day. Although we did not have a major part in the affair, we received much pleasure in watching the Juniors and Seniors enjoy themselves with kiddy-cars and brass horns. The running of the sands of time soon terminated our school work as Sophomores.

The following autumn we entered the new Niagara Falls High School as Juniors. We were pleased to know that we were situated in a place where we were to remain for at least two years. As usual, our class was faithful in respect to its school work. We had no Junior-Senior Day, because of a measure passed by the Board of Education.

The time soon came for the election of our Class officers. Our class showed its fine judgment by electing the following:

Verne Mestler President
Jean MacLaren Vice-President
Edgar Barlow Secretary and Treasurer

We entered the Niagara Falls High School as Seniors on a golden day of September, 1925. We soon realized that our fond hope of three years, namely, graduation, was fast approaching realization. As Seniors, we carried out our responsibilities in a very dignified and efficient manner. The fact that we were Seniors made us feel "high and mighty." All the other classmates seemed to look up to us in awe. (?)

The year traveled on. The early part of January came, and we held an election for class officers. Our class showed its wisdom by electing the following officers:

President Hamilton Mizer
Vice-President Catherine Hoal
Secretary Esther Keller
Treasurer Benjamin Rhodes

Class Statistics

Imagine the foolishness of stating a great number of complicated figures which form statistics. Instead of giving the audience the opportunity to be the unfortunates, I have decided to merely give a few facts of our class.

In such a notable group as the class of '26,

After mid-year examinations were over, and marks were posted, we realize that the Class of 1926 was the largest graduating class in the history of the school.

Our Senior meetings soon came into prominence. Our president, who is an authority on the subject of Parliamentary Procedure, took charge of the meetings in a very efficient manner.

At other Senior meetings, committees were appointed, rings and pins selected, a motto, a flower and colors were chosen. The following officials were appointed:

Statistician	Frances Madaye
Poetess	Margaret Kremers
Testator	Dominick Carminati
Prophet	William Lewis
Historian	George Kurtzman

Soon we became deeply engrossed in financial problems. Our class had to raise money to meet its expenses. Our first Senior function was the play, "Zaragueta, or Money Talks," which was presented on April 29 and 30. The members of the cast played their parts with exceptional ability. The play on the whole was a great success. Again we dispensed with Junior and Senior Day, but its place was filled by the Junior and Senior Prom. This affair proved to be a delightful one.

The last days of the term were spent in preparing ourselves for our examinations. We worked diligently, day and night, as all good students do, who wish to get through, and we finished our course. Thus our fond hope, graduation, was realized.

Before terminating the History of the Class of 1926, we wish to impress upon the minds of the future classes of the Niagara Falls High School the following words of Stevenson, "There is nothing but 'tit for tat' in this world; you get pretty much in proportion as you give."

We, the Class of 1926, pride ourselves upon the records we have made in all branches of our school's activities. We welcome promotion, not only as a deserved recognition of our ability and effort, but also as an inspiration to urge us to future success.

Class Historian,
GEORGE KURTZMAN, '26

are future lawyers, surgeons, physicians, bankers, contractors, street-cleaners, etc., but there are also those poor mortals, who with suspense hanging on their brows because of the summons they received to report at the office, arrived there breathless only to find that there was a mistake made in their attendance for the previous day.

Then too, other unfortunates that may be mentioned are those who figured in the cafeteria episodes. No doubt, 50 of the pupils at the least, have finished the afternoon class sessions without their lunch; not because they didn't have an appetite but because they accidentally dropped their lunch tray after paying their bill, and discovered to their sorrow, that their last pennies were invested in the broken dishes that lay on the floor.

No class seems practicable or important without its 6 and 4 footers. To Cornelius McCabe and Julia Murphy we certainly are indebted for supplying us with these advantages.

Only to emphasize the fact that we are a renowned class, we make known the secret to you that two of our members are but 15 years old.

There are also in our group 5 students who performed their duties in school regularly without losing a day. Possibly, the remaining 195 members of our caste had some malady sometime during the course of their high school career and were obliged, to their great sorrow, to be unable to attend school.

In all probability you may wonder why it is that only one of our members has a boyish bob. Irene Lewis, the owner, has a unique habit of being just one jump ahead of everybody. Rather than embarrass her, we will refrain from demanding the reason of her folly.

Just to impress upon your minds that in all manners and ways, we have been a studious body, the following averages will unearth to you the general rating in the most difficult subjects:

Physics	100.00%
American History	99.99%
English	95.00%
Mathematics	94.99%

We leave to your imagination the general averages in the less complicated studies.

FRANCES MADAYE,
Statician



Class Prophecy Class of '26

"The world's a stage," said Shakespeare, "and all the men and women merely players." If this is true, then life is but a great drama being acted continually, each day a different scene, each year another act. Every man plays his own part in his own way, while the "Great Critic" looks on, judging each character according to his work.

But what play, no matter how simple, has been produced without a rehearsal? Thus, the greatest drama of all, with its complexities of plots and climaxes, must have its rehearsals, too.

"When the weary day has turned to rest" and night casts its sombre shadows on a sleeping world, men's spirits leave their earthly bodies and assemble in a land of dreams to rehearse some coming scene in that play called "Life."

Thereby hangs my tale, the Prophecy of the Class of '26.

It was from the fly-leaf of an ancient and mutilated Cicero book that I first gained knowledge of this remarkable fact. The writing on the page was in a queer scribbled hand; it was a jumbled mess of characters, the very sight of which made me dizzy.

Long, weary hours I wrestled with the strange script, but toward the end of the third month my patience was rewarded. By use of Trigonometric formulae, logarithms, and a knowledge of the Eskimo language, I finally deciphered enough to understand it.

I was in possession of one of the strangest discoveries of man! Not only did the writing explain the theory I have above stated, but also contained a means of keeping one's conscious self and mental faculties embodied in his spirit on its midnight rampages.

Using this newly acquired knowledge, and by numerous nocturnal visits to this land of tomorrow I was placed in a position to discover what each member of this class would be doing some twenty years hence, what his appearance would be, and what he would have accomplished on earth.

It was the occasion of my first visit to this land of tomorrow. As I wandered aimlessly down a street, Falls Street, Niagara Falls, as I soon learned, I was greatly awed by the changes that had been wrought. Huge buildings lined the narrow thoroughfare, overhead shrieking monorail sped by, while above the street-level on the tops of the towering buildings, countless airplanes flitted about like a swarm of angry bees.

As strange as these things were, there was yet another that greatly roused my curiosity; and that—the beards on the faces of every man. Young men, old men, poor men, rich men, every one that could raise a beard, wore one.

The more whiskers I saw, the more my curiosity was aroused. Why did they wear them?

In vain did I seek an answer. Then with a determined resolve, I vowed to find out by fair means or foul! I would ask the next person I met!

The "next person" happened to be two—one a heavy-built fellow of medium height, the other taller and thinner. I was about to question them when suddenly I recognized behind the maze of whiskers they wore, two school-mates of my high school days.

As soon as I had made myself known, the pair unceremoniously carted me into a nearby restaurant, Coffey's Restaurant, as the sign over the entrance told me, and there the heavier of the two, Gordon MacKay—who proved to be a regular "Tartarin of Tarascon"—immediately monopolized the whole conversation.

"Picture to yourself a certain night on the open Sahara—", he began. Thus, he continued while his companion, Charles Daboll, sat silently by nodding to everything said.

From the talk, I gathered they were "globetrotters" or "soldiers of fortune", as they put it. In their wanderings they had visited many lands and as the one-sided conversation progressed I learned of many old acquaintances that fate had left in some remote corner of the earth.

Schuyler Williamson and Richard Shepard, the inseparables, were in control of huge Alaskan coal mines. In far off South Africa, Edward Mahoney earned his "daily bread" running an exporting business.

Once in their travels the two had touched on a small island off the coast of Madagascar where they found Cornelius McCabe playing the dual role of king and manager of an ostrich farm. At the Russian court they visited Eli Moss, minister from United States, while in "Merry England," Gladys Schumacher, lively in all the splendor befitting the titled lady, she was.

Two hours later, after my informer had taken me several times around the world, I was again on the verge of asking the "why" of the "face shrubbery" when the two, after consulting a watch and several time tables, suddenly leapt to their feet and bolted out the

door, yelling something about catching a train and leaving me with my question unasked.

After paying the check to Arlene Green in the Cashier's cage, I again sought the street, more determined than ever to learn the facts of the strange fad among the male sex.

"Air-taxi, buddy." It was John Adams speaking but I passed him by, for across the street I caught sight of two dignified looking matrons, Eleanor Nixon and Elsie Talladay. I would ask them about the beards!

I dashed across the street just in time to see the two step inside the entrance of the Hessinger and McCarty department store. Inside, they were headed for the elevator! I raced down an aisle after them, knocking over a group of dummies as I went.

An angry cry of rage, half human, half beast, rent the air. I glanced back. A disheveled form was separating itself from the pile of fallen dummies. I had knocked over a floor-walker! Another shout and the fellow, whom I recognized as George Kurtzman, sped down the aisle after me.

It was no time to ask questions, so I set out to make myself scarce. Kurtzman, however, was determined to catch me.

After encircling the ground floor several times, I concluded the race would be a long one and so I settled into a steady, easy jog. As we passed from department to department in the huge store, I was kept quite busy tipping my hat to familiar faces among the many shoppers; so busy in fact, that I was finally forced to discard the poor hat to save me the trouble of tipping it.

It was in the jewelry department that I noticed Evelyn Evans carefully examining some trinkets on the show case. Further on, in the dry goods department, Elsie Battson and Elizabeth Coughlin were discussing the respective merits of many bolts of cloth upon the counter, while Elleta Foster, behind the counter, looked on exasperated. The glove department—and there Ruth Hill and Lillian Wright were being carefully fitted.

Second floor, and the villain still pursued! I galloped boldly through the cloak department. Elizabeth Wallace, Esther Sievert and Julia Murphy were critically examining in mirrors the reflections of the beautiful cloaks they wore. As I passed, I caught a few words, a clerk, Vivian Lane, was speaking to a prospective customer: "This is a wonderful cloak—designed by Marie Sylvia. You know what that means."

Fortunately, at this point, I glanced and saw my pursuer grab a woman's hat and coat

from a wax model and pause to adorn himself in this disguise. A clever idea, I thought. So I also stopped long enough to borrow articles to complete a disguise for myself. I emerged from behind a counter, with a drooping hat, many sizes too large, pulled down over my eyes and the collar of my cloak raised high.

However, my merry companion of the chase was nowhere to be seen, so, I glanced into the ring department and I saw Ethel Morris making a purchase from Anne Dorgan.

I stepped into an elevator, automatically operated, and was shot to the roof of the building. Here, on the top of the world, overlooking the tiny Niagara River miles below, I found the "Donald McKay Aeronautic Sales and Service Co. Inc."

Suddenly heavy footsteps approached from the rear; I turned to see a strange figure hurrying toward me. Two tell-tale trouser legs beneath the cloak revealed the person's identity—Kurtzman! I glanced at my own feet. More trousers, and Kurtzman had seen them! There was no time to lose.

I felt the hot breath of my pursuer on my back as once more we began our hurried tour of the store. Upstairs, downstairs, in the boiler room, down the elevator shaft, the race continued until I had seen a number more familiar faces—Sara Butler, Daisy Dean, Marjorie Doyle, Rose Gornbein, Marie Crown, Esther Keller, Arline Hartburg, Helen Dempsey and Jennie Coleman, all serious-faced housewives out for an afternoon's shopping.

Finally when the fellow at my heels seemed about to do something desperate, I stopped long enough in the war department to purchase a shot gun from Marjory Hardy. I would stand my ground like a man.

I stood—but not long. After a few rounds of shots a hard object caressed my head and I fell into a peaceful sleep.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself in a crowded court-room handcuffed to one of the "city's finest," Earl Irish, who, true to his name, had joined the force.

On the bench a Piper still held sway and as his gavel descended for silence he looked at me and growled, "Well—what have you to say?"

Here was an opportunity to find about the whiskers. I arose and faced the spectators. A death-like stillness hung over this room as I glanced from face to face. In one corner sat Harold Jones and George Slaman—I could tell from their sad faces they were both

married. On the last row of benches was a prosperous-looking man, Wilfred Martan, Ethel Dwor sat at the stenographer's desk, pencil posed ready to record my words; while at another desk sat three attorneys Wm. Anderson, Dorothy Garwood and Edith Crofts.

"Friends," I said, "before I go to face my doom, will not some one tell me—why the whiskers?"

The crowd became ghastly white, three women fainted, then a tall, sad-faced man, Francis Krueger, rose and brushing a tear from his cheek, opened his mouth to speak; when, suddenly the scene faded and I found my spirit back on earth—the rehearsal was over.

My second visit to this strange land, found me in a small country town. It was evening and the soft summer breeze bore the sound of nearby singers to my ears. Upon turning a corner, I came upon a crowd of people gathered about a small platform on which stood four men, all with long, luxuriant, facial growths. I recognized them as William Bingham, Richard Berkey, Lawrence Johnston, and Walter Kurkowski, and, believe me or not—they constituted the quartette, I had heard at a distance. They had just concluded a selection when another figure appeared on the scene and in a very congenial voice announced the piece just sing was entitled, "The Alligator Blues" by Edward D'Anna. Then, drawing several bottles from his pocket he proceeded to explain the wonderful features of their contents—Alligator oil, guaranteed to make the hair and beard long and curly—Good for coughs, colds, static, etc., etc.

It was merely Lionel Abelson and his traveling medicine show.

For every bottle sold the quartette would sing a number. I bought a bottle—not so much to hear them sing as to watch the queer movement of their beards when their chins were in action. The label on the bottle proclaimed that the preparation was made by the "Mestler Dumville Medicine Company."

The reason for men's wearing beards, was still bothering me, so I glanced about the crowd in hopes of seeing someone I might ask.

My glances were well rewarded for I spied Irene Lewis. But alas!—as soon as I approached her, she began to talk, making it impossible for me to get a word in edgewise. Her chatter hinged for the greater part on old acquaintances.

"Andrew Hagemen? Oh, he has invented some funny propeller for airships, quite

wealthy now. Gerald Hanson—Governor of some western state—quite a politician. And would you believe it? The Reed Sisters, Bertha and Martha are quite popular on the stage—just like the Dolly Sisters years ago. John Brownlee? Coaching college football at Dartmouth or some place—anyway at the same place where Richard Edwards teaches.

"Only yesterday, Cecil Hunt, the corner grocer, said he read in a New York paper that Pauline Barton was leaving for a European concert tour," she continued.

"Anna Young was 'Hen Editor' of the local newspaper. She also had several books to her credit, that were published by 'The Francis Phillips Publishing Co.'"

At this point, she directed my attention to a huge building in the course of construction. The building, she said, had been designed by Charles Weitzman and was being constructed by the "Fracassi & Dooher," general contractors and engineers. The edifice, a gift of Theodore Scholtz, a wealthy air-line magnate, was to house a school of aeronautic engineering. It was rumored Roy Reed would be its first dean.

Finally, my companion's talk turned to motion pictures—"radio movies", she called them.

The picture she discussed was one she had seen several nights before by means of her own "radioscope."

Margaret Kremers, she said was the playwright, and Catherine Hoak played the leading role opposite John Newman. After the curtain, James Hancock who produces the radio dramas, announced he would present another one next week featuring Frances Pietak, a very popular actress.

In a few moments my talkative informer was deep in the plot of the drama mentioned above. The more she talked, the more excited she became. Wild and incoherent came her words. She forgot me—everything, but the play.

It was a wonderful opportunity for me to get away. So, heeding the words of the sage, "Opportunity knocks but once," I slipped away. The next minute I was seated in an air-taxi bound for Niagara Falls. As I left the ground, I glanced back in time to see Irene finish her dramatization of the third act of the play.

It was no time before the plane swooped down onto the top of a high building. I was in Niagara!

My hopes were high for surely someone in this great metropolis could tell me—why the whiskers?

An elevator dropped me to the street level where I soon found myself in the centre of a huge mob of humanity, being borne swiftly down the avenue by moving sidewalks. It was useless to attempt to dislodge myself so I leaned comfortably against any of my rather corpulent neighbors and peered about for some intelligent-looking person whom I might ask concerning the whiskers.

My wandering glances failed to pick out any such person but a name above a store caught my attention. "Leo Winiarski—Dry Goods" it read.

After that I watched the signs on all the stores and office windows that I passed. And great was my reward, therefrom, for I soon noticed the "Clementine Tea Room," C. Hogan proprietress.

Next door was Cecilia Boyle's Beauty Parlor while above were several other familiar names on office windows—"Ringleb, Tryon, and Guarino, Insurance," "Christie & Baum, Real Estate," Otto & Pettit, Advertising Agency," and one away up in the clouds, "John Northrup, artificial beards and wigs."

At this point the fellow upon whom I was comfortably leaning, tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I might pardon him, as this was as far as he went. I assured the fellow, Joe Snyder, that he might feel at liberty to move at any time and then as he forced his way through the crowd, I followed immediately behind and thereby found myself once more able to move about.

My aimless wandering finally brought me before a huge church in a residential section of the city. A huge car pulled up beside me and Elizabeth Smith and Matilda Lincoln stepped from its luxurious interior and entered the mammoth portals of the building.

"Pretty classy, hey?" I glanced around to look into the beaming, bewhiskered face of a short, heavy-set man, Dominick Carminati.

"Going in?" he inquired.

"In where?"

"Why to the wedding, of course!"

So we two, Carminati and I, entered the church to attend a wedding. Whose wedding, I didn't know, but hoped to find out soon.

A late afternoon's sun cast its mellow rays through the stained windows upon the heads of the people assembled in the peaceful calm of the huge auditorium.

Softly the strains of the beautiful music began to issue from the great organ.

"Who is this that plays such music?" I asked of my companion as the instrument

pealed forth the opening measures of the Bridal Chorus.

"Robert Clark," was the answer.

Then with a slow, measured tread two small groups, one on either side of the church began that long journey down the aisle toward the altar.

As they passed in a rustle of silk, I recognized among the attending bridesmaids, Marie Crown, Mildred Allen, Elsie Greenwald and Enid Fellows, Ruth Scholtz, Ethel Smith.

At length the two groups met and stopped before the altar, the clergyman—I'll swear it was Fred Baker with his dignified looking beard and vestment, opened his book and in a deep voice began to read.

Don Royer acting in the capacity of best man was supporting the quaking form of the bridegroom by whose side stood the veiled bride. For an instant I caught sight of her flushed face—those flaming dark eyes and that black hair.

"Frances Ardan?" I whispered to my companion.

"Sure—why not?" he replied.

"And the groom?" I asked. "Who is he?"

"Wait till he turns around and we'll both find out" was the answer.

The ceremony was over and arm in arm the pair solemnly marched up the aisle, past us, and out the door.

I looked at Carminati. "Who was he?" I asked.

He shook his head and muttered "With that crop of whiskers his own mother wouldn't know him! Ah! Whiskers—they were the things I wanted to learn about, so I approached Dominick on the subject.

He appeared puzzled when I asked him to tell me of this strange fad. But when I reassured him I was in earnest, he drew a business card from his pocket, and told me to call at his office next morning.

"Look!" He whispered hoarsely, there's Sarah Smithson and Almina La Tona just going out, and here comes Gertrude Waters and Helen Robinson with Myrtle Way and Harold Dawson."

I took one fleeting glance at the persons mentioned merely noticing that they were all fashionably dressed, and then pulling Carminati with me dashed out the door in time to receive a shower of confetti meant for the bridal pair. From the opposite side of the street we watched the crowd leave, some in costly cars, others on foot. There were Ruth Rogers, Catherine Mitchell, Mildred Kunen

and Elizabeth MacArthur, among those I noticed leave the church.

Cherishing the fond hope that perhaps, I might lead my companion, Carminati into the subject of beards, I suggested we drop into a nearby restaurant where I found Norton Outhwaite as doorman and Marion Lutts, Irene Hastee, Jeanette Guziejeski and Ruth Gorbaty as waitresses.

The best way to bring up the subject I concluded was, to ask some offhand question, so noticing the peculiar cut of my companion's beard I inquired where he had it trimmed.

"Arthur Fitzgerald's, of course!" he replied and fell silent again.

I was about to try another question when a group of ladies entered and occupied a table near ours. Now a thousand ladies could have entered without interrupting my question but something about the new arrivals claimed my attention immediately.

Perhaps it was the sound of an almost forgotten voice or the sight of some face dimly familiar that started the rusty cogs of my brain to working. Then the blank curtain of time lifted from my poor memory and I recalled the owners of the faces—Florence Wales, Catherine Ingraham, Amy Horder, Frances O'Connor, and Madge Crown.

"Teachers?" I asked nodding to the group.

The grunt in reply I took to be in the affirmative. By this time I had concluded my friend was not disposed to talk, so as he gulped down his last bit of coffee I suggested we take in a show. He offered no audible objections and several minutes later, we found ourselves in the front seats on the aisle in the down town theatre.

Doris Reynolds, according to the program, was manager of the theatre. Amid the uproar from the orchestra, the heavy curtain rose for the first act revealing a stage packed with trunks, vases, tables, and other odds and ends.

Then upon the scene appeared a well groomed gentleman, who removed his overcoat and gloves, placed them in his hat, and then, with a twist of his hand, the hat and all its contents disappeared.

"Who was this fellow?"

I glanced at the program. Jerome Bernstein in "Now you see it, now you don't," it read.

"Will not some gentleman from the audience assist me in my next trick?" he was saying. "How about you, Sir?" He was pointing directly at me. It was a strange coincidence. The moment he pointed to me, the theatre

became unbearably hot, and I was sure every eye was upon me.

I made a vain attempt to vanish under the seat, and then, for an instant a spark of hope eased my thumping heart. Perhaps he meant Dominick. I glanced at that one. Fast asleep!

There remained nothing but to go on the platform. I stumbled up in a daze that lasted half the act.

When I regained control of myself, I looked out into that great sea of faces, the audience. From my point of view, every man looked the same, one clump of whiskers. The women, however, were more easily distinguished than their escorts, for I recognized a few of them.

Jean MacCauley over to the right; Ethel Outland near, Janet Sinclair up front; in the center, Julia Rotunda and Beryl Raymond; while away in the back sat Janice Nichols and Laura Metzger. In a box, half concealed behind a pair of opera glasses was Winifred Shrubbsall with Philomena Scrufari, Boniface Fell and France Bradford.

Mr. Bernstein, was standing in mid stage a heavy rope wound round his body. I had undoubtedly tied him up and by some deft trick he would now attempt to free himself.

The audience snickered, murmured, and then guffawed. I glanced at Bernstein, there was an anxious look on his flushed face.

"Psst!", he whispered, "give me a hand. Something's gone wrong—I can't get out."

"On one condition," I whispered in his ear, "That you first tell me, why the whiskers."

"Listen," he said, "Some twenty years ago there swept over this country a great—" He stopped. Darkness again! The rehearsal was over!

Dawn was drawing a thin gray line on the black canvas of night as I glanced from the window of a speeding gyro-car.

It was my third and last visit to this rehearsal of destiny's mammoth production. The time was several years later than my last visit, but apparently time had wrought but few changes on earth—whiskers were still in vogue.

The early morning car was packed with workers off to begin another day's grind.

Sanford Brownlee, George Baker and Gordon Simpkins crowded together in one end of the car wore the same expressions of satisfied, successful men as did several others in the car, Francis Cronin, Frank Gough, and Theodore De Lorenzo.

The car stopped for a minute while two men bearing brief cases entered and took pos-

session of the seat in front of me. Even though their heads were quite long I recognized them as Paul Jenss and George Carney. "Two salesmen," I concluded.

By throwing my neck out of gear and leaning forward slightly, I was able to read a considerable part of a newspaper in the hands of the pair. Thus, in a most economical way I learned more of old associates.

One head line caught my eye. "Benjamin Rhodes, Corners Soap Market, Will Clean Up Tomorrow," it read. I was about to read the article when the page suddenly turned and I found my eyes resting on a glaring advertisement for the Scarpino Haberdashery.

On the top of the page was a cartoon strip by Perricelli.

An article on the sports page ran somewhat as follows:—"Manager Leo Murphy of the Niagara Falls team announced today the purchase of Tom Justice from the New York Giants."

"End of line, everybody out!"

A last fleeting glance at the paper and I caught these words, "Progressive Convention Opens Today."

Just the place I wanted to go—a political convention.

The next thing was to find where it was. This I attempted to do by questioning several people, each of whom knew less than I.

Margaret Merritt, Kathleen McMicking, Ruthven Porter and Anne Schieber all professed ignorance on the subject.

A very muscular woman approached me, who at my question, flashed a police badge and made a grab for my collar. I ducked and dashed down the street.

Events marched quickly from then on, the blowing of police whistles, rushing of police men and the noisy arrival of a riot-squad armed with machine guns.

Into an apartment building—up the stairs I ran. The police woman, I recognized as Jean B. McClaren, was on my heels.

Omitting the formalities of knocking, I sought refuge in an apartment only to be thrown out bodily, also, without formalities, by Lorraine Miller. The door across the hall—and against which I landed with a thump was answered by Frances Madaye, who politely told me she didn't want any today.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." I gave that saying a good trial in the next few minutes. Door after door was slammed in my face by housewives whose names I entered in a notebook for future reference. They were as follows: Jane Stam-

borski, Isabelle Mentor, Antionette Misch, Alice Gordon, Marie Elias, Thelma Gruber, Adena Belleggia, Mary Fickner, Dorothy Dobson and Edna Horner.

Finally, by gaining the roof and sliding down a water pipe, I eluded the police and started out for the convention, this time by a taxi driven by Lewis Nelson who seemed to know where the meeting was.

In due time I was deposited before the building and relieved of a considerable portion of my money.

Upon entering the building I was accosted by Theodore Wittleton and Charles Walter who loaded me down with printed matter and then turned me over to Arthur Nichols who escorted me to a seat.

Here and there in the great auditorium were people I knew, Elizabeth Munson, Joseph Madej, Jean G. MacLaren, Muriel Bevier, Kathryn Butler, Lottie Jazanik, Marjory Chappell, Mary Degnan, Florence Lykes, Geo. Steinbrenner, Edgar Barlow, and Frances Cronin.

On the platform firing an endless storm of eloquence at the audience, stood Evelyn Hinds. She had started early that morning, Kenneth Brown on my right told me, and now at two in the afternoon, she showed no signs of letting up. Originally her subject was politics, but now she had drifted into everything but that.

Behind her two well whiskered gentlemen kept anxious eyes on their watches. Time for adjourning was fast coming and they had yet to choose a candidate for the next election, Mr. Brown informed me. The gentlemen on the platform were Harold Brunswick, chairman of the convention and Francis McMahon, a party leader.

In a vain effort to get the speaker's attention Ellen Carlson was frantically waving her handkerchief and Doris Beggs was using every conceivable kind of sign language.

But still she talked!

Lucille Beckett leaped to her feet and left the place on the run, to return shortly with a band led by Leonard Bradt that marched around the auditorium playing as loudly as possible.

Miss Hinds stopped till the band was winded and then, refreshed by the rest started in again.

The case seemed impossible, when a woman in the balcony, Mary Dyer, threw her hat into the air and yelled "Fire!"

In the confusion that followed someone rushed the speaker out and Henry Woodal took the floor, after winning in a free-for-all

over Edward Wood and Theodore Lisowski.

"Friends," he began, "I nominate for our candidate in the coming election a man of..."

"Bravo!" cheered the audience.

"A man", he continued, "whose past political career has..."

More applause from the audience.

"And so I nominate Mr. Hamilton Mizer," he concluded.

The audience went wild; hats were tossed sky-ward, men congratulated each other.

Then suddenly, every one was still. Up the aisle came a small army of policemen; in their midst ran a figure in a white flowing robe. Up the aisle they came, straight toward me.

A strong arm yanked me to my feet and I stood before the figure in white. It was St. Peter or St. Huebert or somebody, I wouldn't say for sure who, as I was not introduced.

Nevertheless he asked me my business. Finding no answer, he informed me I had no right at the rehearsals, and it was his duty to rid the place of me.

At his nod the squad closed in and I marched off in their midst. Hours later, we came to a point where land ended. Below hung a small dark sphere, the earth.

"Now, get out!" cried the gentleman in white, helping me overboard with the side of his foot. "And—what's more—stay out!"

To emphasize his final words he hurled a book after me. I caught it, a massive volume, a city directory of Niagara Falls for the year 1951.

And so I floated earthward, glancing thru the book, and wondering—why the whiskers—an outcast—a modern Lucifer.

WILLIAM R. LEWIS.

Class Prophet '26.

Last Will and Testament

We, the graduating class of 1926, Niagara Falls High School, City of Niagara Falls, County of Niagara, State of New York, United States of America, having qualified for the finals of the New York State Board of Regents Tourney and being by no means of sound mind and memory, do make, declare and publish this as our last will and testament.

FIRST:

To the struggling Junior Class, we hereby cheerfully and willingly relinquish claim to any superfluous Regents points or units which we have garnered in the past. Said points or units are to be equally and evenly distri-

buted among aforementioned Juniors, until the quota of each member is filled in this respect; however, should any members of the Class of '26, for any reason, elect to remain at Niagara Falls High School, these members shall be given first choice of assortment of said points or units.

Furthermore, we give and bequeath to the Juniors whatever gum may be rediscovered upon our former seats in the Auditorium, in the hope that the flavor has lasted even unto this day. We also give said assembly seats, on condition that any inscriptions or autographs found thereon be carefully preserved as mementos of our class.

Moreover, the ownership of any special permits, excuses, et cetera, found, is hereby renounced; Juniors are to use all such permits or excuses at their own risk.

To this class and to their immediate successors, we present the records we have hung up in sprinting from library, study hall and classroom to the cafeteria, provided that, if unbroken, said records be passed on to posterity.

SECOND:

We hereby bequeath to the Freshmen, erstwhile Sophomores, four sneaks—of which two are to be found upon the ventilator screen and the third and fourth upon various beams, in the gymnasium—in the hope that they may be cherished by their kin.

In addition we give and bequeath one genuine hairpin, found by a fortunate member of our class; aforesaid hairpin to be retained and cherished as a curio of great extrinsic value, to be sold or pawned under no conditions, but to be securely guarded.

Moreover, we bequeath and divulge to this class the secret of the mystifying sparks on the fourth floor, with the warning that static charges and discharges are not to exceed ten (10) volts, because of the many "live-wires" in this class. Freshmen are not to scrape their shoes to excess, causing thereby unnecessary expense to parents.

THIRD:

To the teachers, our long-suffering guardians and pilots over our four, five or six-year course in the Niagara Falls High School, we give the solace that, in years to come, when we are rich and successful, we will hark back to these years with extreme pleasure, and will remember the various and sundry incidents connected with our stay at Niagara.

We will even contemplate the starting of a

Society for the Prevention and Cure of Gum-Chewing in Niagara Falls High School! Ay, we will go further; said Society shall embrace not only our High School, but those of all New York State, of all the United States! !

FOURTH:

To individuals about the school we bequeath the following:

1. To Kenneth Thayer we hereby give sole and undisputable right to occupy two seats in the Assembly, or, in the event of the removal of the middle arm proving inexpedient, we give permission to construct a special bench, to be located at his own discretion.

2. With Dorothy Purdy we leave the hope that the incoming lot of youngsters from the ninth grades may be more inclined to save their money than present members of the High School. We also suggest the publication and distribution of a pamphlet, "The Evils of Pitching Pennies," as a counteractive measure against possible spend-thrift propensities in the newcomers.

3. To Tower Snow we give permission to eat creampuffs in the halls, provided that he take care not to besmirch his manly bosom with aforementioned cream from puffs.

4. To Miss Hulen we present one genuine brass stop-watch, slightly used by our championship Track Team, but in good condition withal, to be used to denote the exact time to be written in red ink upon the lower left-hand corner of each pink slip.

We hereby do certify that the class of 1926 did sign and execute this instrument in our presence and declare the same to be their last will and testament. In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names with our respective addresses, this 21st day of June, Anno Domini Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Six.

Niagara Falls High School,
Witnesses: Class of 1926.
Adam Swindler, Hellgate, N. Y.
O. N. Zollern, Holland, N. Y.

DOMINICK CARMINATI,
Class Testator.

Class Night Address

June 21, 1926

Four years ago we stood at the bottom of a high ladder which seemed to reach far up into space. We realized that we were expected to climb that ladder, rung by rung, until we reached the top. It appeared almost impossible, but with the vim and vigor which has

always characterized the members of the Class of 1926, we started to climb.

Tonight, we stand on the top of the ladder. We have accomplished what we set out to do. It was a hard climb, but we knew that "Toil is the Sire of Fame."

Happy have been the days that we have spent here together. We are soon to part. Some will continue their education in the colleges and universities while others will embark on the stream of life. Whatever path we may follow we can never forget the high ideals instilled in our minds during our high school course.

To the faculty we owe a great deal. It was their careful guidance that has enabled us to successfully reach the top rung of the ladder. We are, indeed, grateful to them.

At this time I wish to thank you, fellow classmates, for the honor you have conferred upon me. The duties of class president have been many, but they have been made pleasant by the cheerful co-operation which you have given me.

As we leave here to climb that higher ladder of life may we always keep foremost in our minds that "Toil is the Sire of Fame."

HAMILTON MIZER,

President, Class of 1926.

Planting of the Ivy

For some years it has been the custom of graduating classes to plant a tree or vine of some sort. May this ivy flourish and serve to remind those who follow, of the unceasing love and affection which every member of the Class of 1926 cherishes in his heart for the Niagara Falls High School.

To the Class of 1927 we wish to present this shovel. It is a time honored symbol of hard work. May it remind you as you labor during the coming year to attain the goal of graduation that "Toil is the Sire of Fame."

HAMILTON MIZER,

President, Class of 1926.

Acceptance

In behalf of the Class of 1927, I take great pleasure in accepting this shovel, and I shall endeavor to discharge my duty faithfully in its use.

RODERICK PRICE,

President, Class of 1927.

Presentation of the Cup

In behalf of the Class of 1926 I wish to present this cup to the school. It is to be awarded each year to the class winning the highest number of points in interclass competition. In this cup are embodied all the high ideals of good sportsmanship.



ORCHESTRA

Zaragueta

From Spain, that land of mirth and romance, light-hearted troubadours, dashing tor-eadores, and dark-eyed señoritas, came the Senior Class Play of '26.

The play, Zaragueta, a Spanish farce comedy, proved a roaring success, financially and otherwise.

From Edward Mahoney's Spanish-Irish brogue to Frances Ardan, the charming dark-eyed señorita, and Dominic Carmanati, the Spanish "Shylock," the cast was most commendable.

A colorful and natural setting was given the play by the characteristic Spanish costumes designed by Marie Sylva and Ruth Gorbaty under the supervision of Miss Elverta Miller.

The cast was as follows:—

Don Indalecio Edward Mahoney
A Wealthy Farmer of the Province of
Salamanca.

Carlos William Perricelli
His Nephew, a Student in Madrid.

Don Saturio Charles Piper
The Village Doctor.

Hormogenes Zaragueta, Dominic Carmanati
A Madrid Money-lender.

Pio Cornelius McCabe
Son of Don Blasa, ambitious to be a Priest.

Perico George Kurtzman
A Servant.

Ambrosio John Newman
The Village Hack-driver.

Dona Dolores Bertha Reed
Maruja Frances Ardan

Her Niece, Living with Her.

Dona Blasa Frances O'Connor
Sister of the Village Priest.

Georgia Frances Madaye
Servant.

To Mrs. Montgomery, the cast, and all others who aided in making "Zaragueta" a success, the class wishes to express its most sincere appreciation.

W. R. L. '26.



Niagara Falls High School Orchestra

At the completion of this term the High School Symphony Orchestra will have experienced a musical season marking the peak of its career. Under the capable direction of Mr. R. W. Hanford, this organization has had its numbers considerably augmented and its general effectiveness decidedly increased.

When the orchestra first convened in September, the members placed the business responsibilities of their organization upon three of their most seasoned veterans, namely: Pauline Barton, who acted as president, Edward D'Anna, vice-president; and Adena Belleggia, secretary and treasurer. All of these officers have been affiliated with the orchestra throughout their high school course, and have brought out in their administration the advantages of this experience.

In the weekly assemblies of the student body, the orchestra has played, besides the usual entrance and exit marches, the accompaniments to the community singing and occasionally one or two program numbers. These pieces have been appreciated by the students and many have expressed the desire to give more time to this phase of the assembly.

Aside from these regular appearances, the Orchestra has willingly offered its services in various religious, social, and civic functions. This service has made it valuable, not only as a school, but also as a community unit.

The first of these public appearances was at the Italian meeting, honoring Garibaldi's visit to Niagara Falls. Again when the student council arranged a series of Chautauqua programs given on various dates in the Auditorium, the Orchestra was called upon. This organization also won great applause and recognition for its splendid showing at the Annual Thanksgiving Concert given by the Associated Music Clubs in November. Several selections were furnished by the orchestra at the Christmas play, "Pierrot and Pierrette." Sections of the Orchestra appeared at the two plays, "My Ladies Lace," and "Gods of the Mountains," given by the Dramatic Society. Groups from the orchestra have rendered their services at the St. Paul's Community House, and several times at La Salle.

However, the height of the organization's success was attained at a delightful concert given March 24. The program included very difficult and correspondingly entertaining numbers by the orchestra, which was assisted by the Glee Club. The audience enthusiastically received the efforts of the musicians and

it was the opinion of many that the program could have been filled only by a highly organized and accomplished group.

Parts of the orchestra have played for diners at the Y. M. C. A. and for the Rotary Club. In April several of the members played at the Lion's Club luncheon where they were given a "roaring" welcome. Selections were rendered also at the Senior Play "Zaragueta" on April 29 and 30.

This year, at the music Supervisors' National Conference held at Detroit the week of April 12, there were gathered together from all parts of the country, high school orchestra players to form the first National High School Orchestra of 210 players. Niagara Falls was represented by two of its most experienced and capable players, Pauline Barton, viola, and Edward D'Anna, jr., cello. The undertaking was a complete success in every sense of the word. The orchestra and the school should feel proud to have been represented in this pioneer movement that was not only successful in itself, but that points to future undertakings of a similar nature.

In Music Week the Orchestra distinguished itself in the School Night Program given on Monday evening in the Auditorium. The special contribution to the occasion consisted of accompaniments to the selections rendered by the All-High School chorus of 200 voices. The success of the Orchestra in performing accompaniments, was said by one who heard them, to be an unusual accomplishment for a school orchestra. Members of the High School Orchestra formed the backbone of the All-School Orchestra of over a hundred players.

At the present time music for Commencement Week is in preparation.

The members of this orchestra wish to express their respect for the personal interest that their orchestra leader Mr. Hanford has taken in the organization and they also wish to voice their confidence in the ability of their musical directors and the traditional Niagara spirit for a bigger and better Orchestra.

The Orchestra is composed of the following members:

First Violins

Thaddeus Dyczkowski
Dominic La Scala
Faust Belleggia
Helen Wendt
Jennie Hendley
Helen Colver

Ruth Thomas
Boris Goldstein
Edith Cohen
Inez Davis

Basses

George Barton
La Verne Magee

Obœ

Edward D'Anna Jr.

Tuba

Charles Piper

Piano

Adena Belleggia
Leanore McCusker

Second Violins

Fred Moir
Charles Van Kuren
Amerigo Bellesario
Edith Schiro
Mary Rosinski
Kathaline Gruber
Mary Larned
Marion Knowles
Frank Rotunda
Edward Barbari

Trumpets

Walter Dyczkowski
Frank Williamson

Trombones

Bruce Filby
Stanley Parker

Tympani

Hugh Terhune

Violas

Pauline Barton
Derrick Cross

'Cellos

Edward D'Anna Jr.
Arlene Gray

Flute

Henry Sander

Clarinet

Paul Fowler

Saxaphones

Peter Genovese
Neville Shiffer

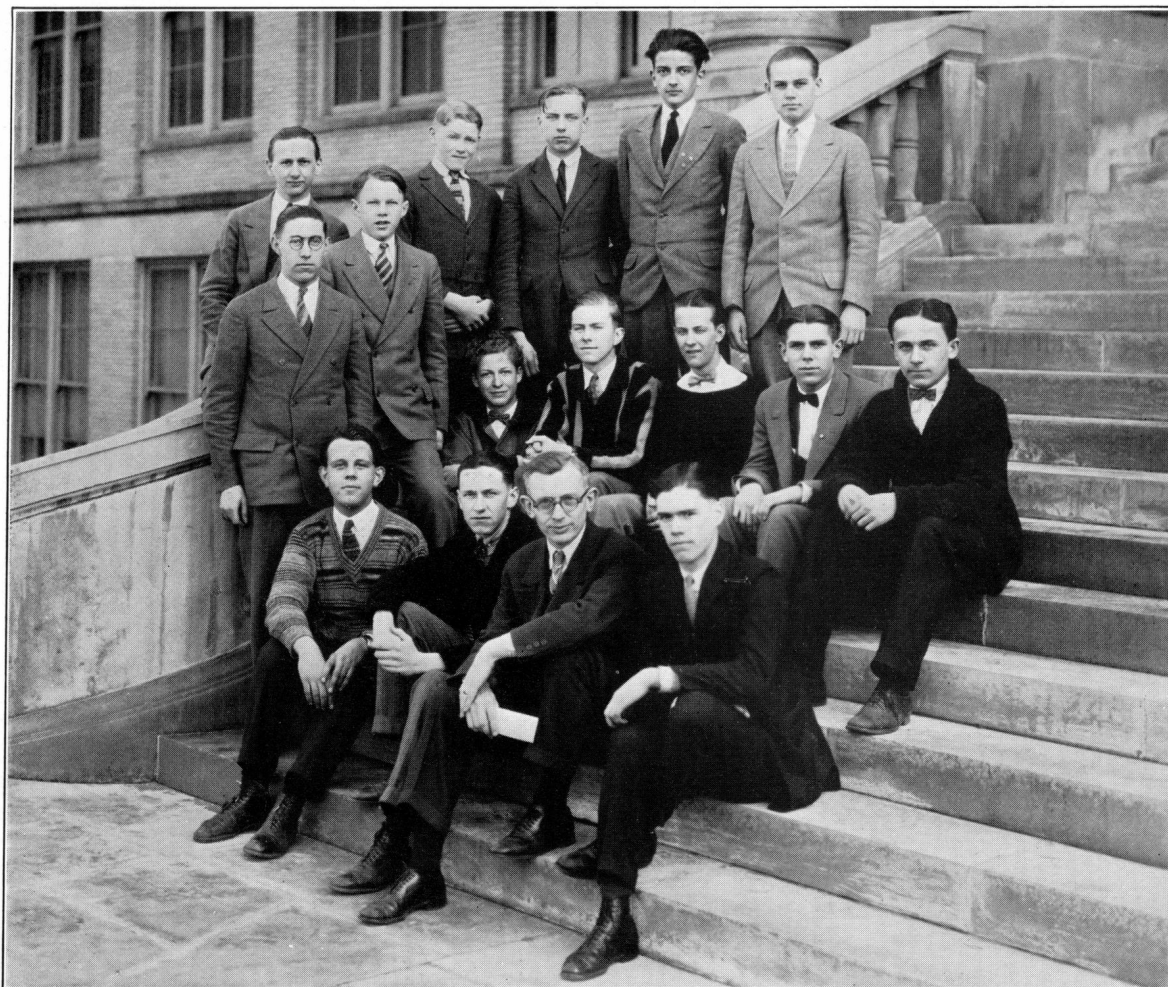
Percussion

Dominic Cubello
Frank Richardson
Hugh Terhune

Adena, Belleggia,
Secretary



SENIOR PLAY



BOYS GLEE CLUB

LEFT TO RIGHT, THIRD ROW: FRANK CARMINATI, LOUIS MALEY, NORMAN BURGESS, THAD-DEUS DYCZKOWSKI, PAUL TOWLER, LOUIS MAYLE. SECOND ROW: CHARLES FORD, EDWARD STAFFORD, GEORGE BARTON, WILLIAM BELLING, WILLIAM BINGHAM, ROBERT CLARKE, STEPHEN TYRAN. FIRST ROW: CHARLES PIPER, WALTER KURKOWSKI, MR. SPENCER, CECIL HUNT.

The Glee Club

Just as a small snowball increases in size as it rolls down hill, we find that the Boys' Glee Club increased in size as it rolled down the hill of 1925-26. What organization in the school can boast a doubled membership within the year? What organization is so interested that it can hold rehearsals at eight o'clock in the morning? What organization is so attractive that it draws members from the alumni of the school?

Although one of Niagara Falls High School's youngest societies, it is among the most active. It was organized in September, 1924. Since then it has met regularly on Monday each week, the seventh hour.

Last fall the following officers were elected:

President	Charles P. Piper
Vice President	Steven J. Tyran
Secretary & Treasurer	Charles A. Ford
Librarian	Louis F. Mayle

Later on, Cecil N. Hunt was appointed Accompanist.

With Mr. H. A. Spencer as director, the boys have appeared in public considerably. The Thanksgiving Concert, the Christmas program, and a trip to the Y. M. C. A. at Christmas time were activities during the fall term. In March, the Glee Club assisted the orchestra at their concert. Later, the Music Week program, given in the High School Auditorium brought them to the front. The boys sang for the Rotary Club, have assisted in assemblies in co-operation with

the Choral Club, and have sung for several shut-ins.

A permanent constitution was adopted March 29, 1926. This club takes an active part in Associated Music Clubs, of which organization it is a charter member.

While the club has experienced a 100% growth during the year just closing, it has yet to reach the size that a student body like ours affords. It is to the task of building a still more representative club that members of the organization address themselves.

The roster of members follows:

FIRST TENORS—Bernard Devins, Thaddeus Dyczkowski, Theophile Lisowski, Edward Stafford.

SECOND TENORS—William Bingham, Norman Burgess, Robert Clarke, Andrew Hageman, Walter Kurkowski, Steven Tyran.

BARITONES—George Barton, Howard Channing, Charles Ford, Paul Fowler, Arthur Robinson.

BASSES—Carl Bennett, William Billings, Frank Carminati, Ross Johnstone, Zygmunt Kogut, Louis Mayle, Charles Piper.

The World Goes On

The world goes on at a tremendous pace;
Tomorrow comes, it seems, e'er day is done,
And each tomorrow brings new tasks to face,
The world goes on, the race is not yet won.

For when our infant days are nearly spent,
To school we go, are taught, encouraged,
spanked;
Our minds to problems great and small are lent,
The world goes on, we follow in the ranks.

From grammar grades to high school, we attain.
We make our way; new paths to us unfold;
As higher grow the standards to maintain
The world goes on, our banners we'll uphold!

The Class of Twenty-Six, N. F. H. S.
Is finished now with childhood's tireless play,
Young men are facing boldly toward success
Young women ready for the coming days.

Success our goal, and work our surest guide
With courage high, we start upon life's way,
And though we're young, the right is on our
side,
The world goes on, the very same old way.

Amy R. Horder '26



GIRLS DEBATING SOCIETY

MARJORY HARDY, RUTH GORBATY, MILDRED COLSON, CECILIA BOYLE, MILDRED KUNEN, ROSE GORNBEIN, MARIE CATERINA, ANNA SHREIBER, RUTH SHIPSTON, AMY HORDER, ISABELL MENTOR, JEAN MCCLAREN, ELIZABETH WALLACE, MISS ESHELMAN, RUTH MILLER, MARY FRASER, ELIZABETH MACARUTHUR.

Rome was not built in a day, and likewise, the Girls' Debating Club has not, in its two years of existence, become the most famous in the world. Yet, a great deal more interest has been shown this year than last. With the helpful guidance of our faculty adviser, Miss Eshelman, our club has made definite strides forward. Undoubtedly next year will see it firmly established and ready to engage in interscholastic debates.

This year's officers are:

President Ruth Gorbaty
 Vice President Ann Schreiber
 Treasurer Amy Horder
 Secretary Marjory Hardy

They have served faithfully and worked hard. Other members of the club are:

Cecilia Boyle
 Ida Brophy
 Marie Caterina
 Mildred Coulson
 Mary Frazer
 Rose Gornbein
 Mildred Kunen

Isabelle Mentor
 Jean McLaren
 Elizabeth MacArthur
 Elizabeth Wallace
 Ruth Miller
 Ruth Shipston

This year the girls' club was invited to try out with the boys for the interscholastic team. A number accepted the challenge. One girl made the team.

When we consider the years of experience the boys have had, we think we did well. Next year—who can tell—the interscholastic team may be all girls? (?????) Anyway, there's hoping.....Gentlemen Debaters—look to your laurels!



DEBATING SOCIETY

LEFT TO RIGHT: FRONT ROW: JOHN MORICE, MELVIN FRIEDMAN, LIONEL ABELSON. SECOND ROW: GEORGE KURTZMAN, WILLIAM ANDERSON, HAMILTON MIZER, HAROLD STRIECHER, ARTHUR ROBINSON, STEWART WHITTAGER, ROY REED. THIRD ROW: GEORGE CARNEY, TOWER SNOW, CHARLES PIPER, RODERICK GREIG. FOURTH ROW: BERNARD DEVONS, ELI MOSS, RICHARD EDWARD, EDGAR BARLOW, MR. FREEMAN.

Debating

The Niagara Falls High School Debating Society opened the first term of the school year with the following officers:

President Hamilton Mizer
 Vice-President Edgar Barlow
 Secretary Lionel Abelson
 Treasurer William Anderson
 Adviser Mr. Freeman

The debating season opened the last part of October with a debate held before the assembly. The question for debate was: Resolved, that the United States government should establish a separate department of aeronautics on an equal basis with the army and navy departments. The affirmative team

consisted of Lionel Abelson, captain and Melvin Friedman. The members of the negative team were Hamilton Mizer, captain and Edgar Barlow. The affirmative won the debate by a score of 5 to 4. A short time after this debate, the annual dance of the Debating Society was held.

On December 4, 1925, a debate upon the same aircraft question was held with Erie Central High School, Erie, Pa. This was a dual debate. The negative team visited Erie.

Negative team:

Hamilton Mizer, capt.
 John Morice
 Tower Snow

Affirmative team:

Melvin Friedman, capt.

Lionel Abelson

Eli Moss

Niagara Falls won the dual debate by a 14 to 4 decision.

A debate upon this subject was held in Bradford on December 11, 1925. The affirmative team from Niagara Falls lost the debate by a decision.

In the last part of January, 1926, the second term officers were elected:

President Melvin Friedman

Vice-President Edgar Barlow

Secretary George Kurtzman

Treasurer Kenneth Brown

Adviser Mr. Freeman

The first debate in the second term was held on May 7, 1926. The question for debate was: Resolved, that the federal government should own and operate the coal mines. This was a single debate, N. F. H. S. upholding the negative side of the question. The negative team was:

Eli Moss, Captain.

John Morice

Tower Snow

The result was a 6 to 3 decision in our favor.

The last debate was on May 14, 1926, with Bradford, Pa. The debate was held on the question: Resolved that the United States is justified in entering the Permanent Court of International Justice according to the Swanson Reservations. The N. F. H. S. upheld the negative side of the question.

Negative team:

Edgar Barlow, captain

Amy Horder

Roy Reed

This year was the first that letters have been awarded for debating in N. F. H. S. Debating is coming up to the same standard as other school activities.

Summer High School in 1926

Summer high school will hold its initial session this summer in the Niagara Falls High School, beginning June 30th and ending August 25th.

The establishment of the summer high school looks forward toward the all-year-round use of the school plant. In most communities, school buildings and equipment represent the largest unit of public property. When this lies idle for two months of the year, there is a distinct economic loss to the community. The maintenance of vacation schools, therefore, make productive during the summer the investment in the school plant.

Junior-Senior Dance

Junior-Senior dance of 1926 was held May 21, at 8:45 in the high school gymnasium.

The gym was decorated with shades of pink and green paper. Suspended from the middle of the ceiling was a huge bowl shaped affair with bright colored balloons. In the latter part of the evening the balloons were scattered among the dancers, making an unusual effect.

At one side of the gym was a raised platform decorated with ferns, for the orchestra. The Collegians occupied the throne. They played snappy music.

During the intermission from 10:30 to 10:45 refreshments were served in the cafeteria. The cafeteria was trimmed in pink and green paper.

Shortly after intermission, the grand march began. All dancers joined in the long line of marchers for a few minutes, when it broke up into dancing.

The dance ended at 11:45 with "Home Sweet Home."

L. C. Smith Certificate

Gladys Schumacher

Lottie Jazanik

L. C. Smith Bronze Pin

Martha Reed

Delphine Daul

Underwood Certificate

Winifred Shrubsall

Marie Crown

Doris Reynolds

Underwood Bronze Pin

Ethel Outland

Underwood Silver Pin

Loraine Miller

Remington Certificate

Loraine Miller

Royal Gold Pin

Martha Reed

Frances Pietak

Royal Advanced Certificate of Proficiency

Loraine Miller, 53 wds.

Susan poisoned her grandmother's tea
Grandmother died in agony,

Susan's papa was greatly vexed,

And he said to Susan, "My dear, what next?"



Opportunities We Pass By

Have you ever walked along a busy street or sat quietly in a store or station, just studying people? How many there are! How different each one looks! What possibilities, opportunities and what failures they represent!

Let us sit in the late afternoon in a busy station, watching life as it flows in an endless stream past us. There is a tall, kindly looking man. Perhaps he is a noted doctor who has saved a hundred lives and brought health and happiness to many. A stout, puffing, white-haired gentleman, brief-case in hand, hurries to reach the gates before they close. He may be a diplomat who will avert a great war and make the world gasp at his power and ability.

A group of men near the ticket window are talking earnestly. We hear a little of their conversation. It is of a scientific nature. Within the next few years these same men may make discoveries that will change our very mode of living. Their discoveries will, perhaps, make them the greatest contributors to the "carrying on" of civilization the world has ever known.

These people we see, what may they not accomplish? What will make them accomplish it? Can we not be worth as much to the world as they? The future is spreading in a great open plain before us; opportunities are begging to be taken; yet, we seem to pass them all by. The world wants and sorely needs great men. Why do we, the people of America upon whom Europeans look with envy because of the privileges we have which they do not have, pass opportunities by saying, "I can't find anything worth while to do."

These men are famous; their fame will stand the test of time for their work has aided civilization in its onward march. When a small task came their way they did it; not because they had to do it, but because they wanted to do it, and do it to the best of their abilities. We pass by the trivial things. They

appear so tiny. We must not forget, however, that if we do not do the things easy and trivial, we shall not have the patience or ability to do the great things well.

There are many things in the world to be achieved. There will be great opportunities for those who are actually striving to get them. Scientific exploration, medical discovery, and the mysteries of electricity are just being opened to view; we need great statesmen; we need great manufacturers; in fact, we need everyone who is doing any work, which is useful to mankind. Great minds do not develop in a few years. They require earnest endeavor, patient study, and a noble aim to make them valuable. Let us start out on our way by doing each piece of work we come to so well that no one else can do or will do it better.

If the world needs great men, workers, if such a place is open to us, let us endeavor to give to the world the best we have every day. It does not ask for things beyond our power, but for those tasks well-done which fall to our share. Let us not pass by the apparently insignificant duties without concern but make ourselves a part of that great hurrying throng, bent with earnest will on doing the work of the world, and by their own efforts winning a place among the great and good of this earth.

Kindling Our Fires

Every one of us, I believe, has sat before a cheering wood fire on a cool fall evening. Figures of fancy dart through and take shape among the flames, and the imagination is aroused. As we sit watching the fire flame and glow, and know that it will eventually die out, leaving only ashes to call our attention to the fact that it once lived, we wonder if this fire in itself could not represent the life of a human being, a man.

Take the constituents of a fire:—logs, large or small as the case may be, and the tinder and kindling. These two together are enough for a roaring fire, but a poker is often used



STUDENT COUNCIL

to stir up the logs to prolong the life of the fire.

The match that lights the fire symbolizes the birth of a man, and the big logs are his body. The tinder designates the activities of his boyhood, and the kindling, his education. As the kindling is slowly used up, the man is nearing the end of his education and the gradual consuming of the last piece of this precious kindling typifies the time when he must think of the years of toil ahead of him and pick his vocation. The last piece of kindling flickers and finally dies out and the man finds himself at the beginning of his life work. The flames soaring from the logs symbolize the energy expended in years of toil and hardships. As the flames very gradually die down, years roll by. When the dull glow sets in, the man retires and lives on his life savings. As the last spark flickers and dies out, the man dies, leaving only ashes, which describe themselves. A fatal accident may end the life, as a fire may be extinguished before its time with a pail of water. Somebody or something usually urges a man on to greater efforts, in the same manner as a poker is used to stir up a fire.

The kindling is as necessary to the fire as education is to the successful man. As much kindling as possible should be used to start the larger logs burning, though a less amount carefully arranged to catch and transfer the vital spark will accomplish its purpose better than much material heaped carelessly together; so should a man carefully plan and continue his education before stepping out on his path in life. A man needs a strong body to live happily; likewise a fire needs good wood. Tinder gives a fire a good start in the same manner that good home education gives a man a fine start in life. The flame, denoting the life work of a man, should burn as long as possible, so that he may earn and save money to cheer by a warm glow the quiet period of his life, old age.

In a large class in our high school the large logs are beginning to catch fire. The "kindling" or education period of our lives is coming to a close and we must now think seriously about the choice of our life work. The choice should be such that the fire will give cheer, warmth, and happiness to all that come within its radius.



Student Council

Last September the government of the School Council went into effect in the school. The officers for the school year were:

President Roy Reed
Vice President Fred Havens
Secretary Edgar Barlow
Treasurer Elizabeth Smith

The School Council has accomplished several important things this year. The winter Chautauqua Course held in the High School Auditorium was under control of the Council. This course was both entertaining and educational, being enjoyed by all people. The Council also has successfully carried on the Thrift system in the school. The schedule for club meetings was arranged by a committee of the School Council. A successful campaign against noise in the halls during the second lunch period was carried out. The Council has also established a system for the awarding of the school seals. Just recently the Permanent Constitution of the School Council was drawn up and adopted.

The officers for next year's School Council are:

President Roderick Price
Vice President Arthur Robinson
Secretary Marie Caterina
Treasurer Robert Wetzel

The School Council has proven its worth this year and it is to be hoped that it will prove a permanent success in Niagara Falls High School.

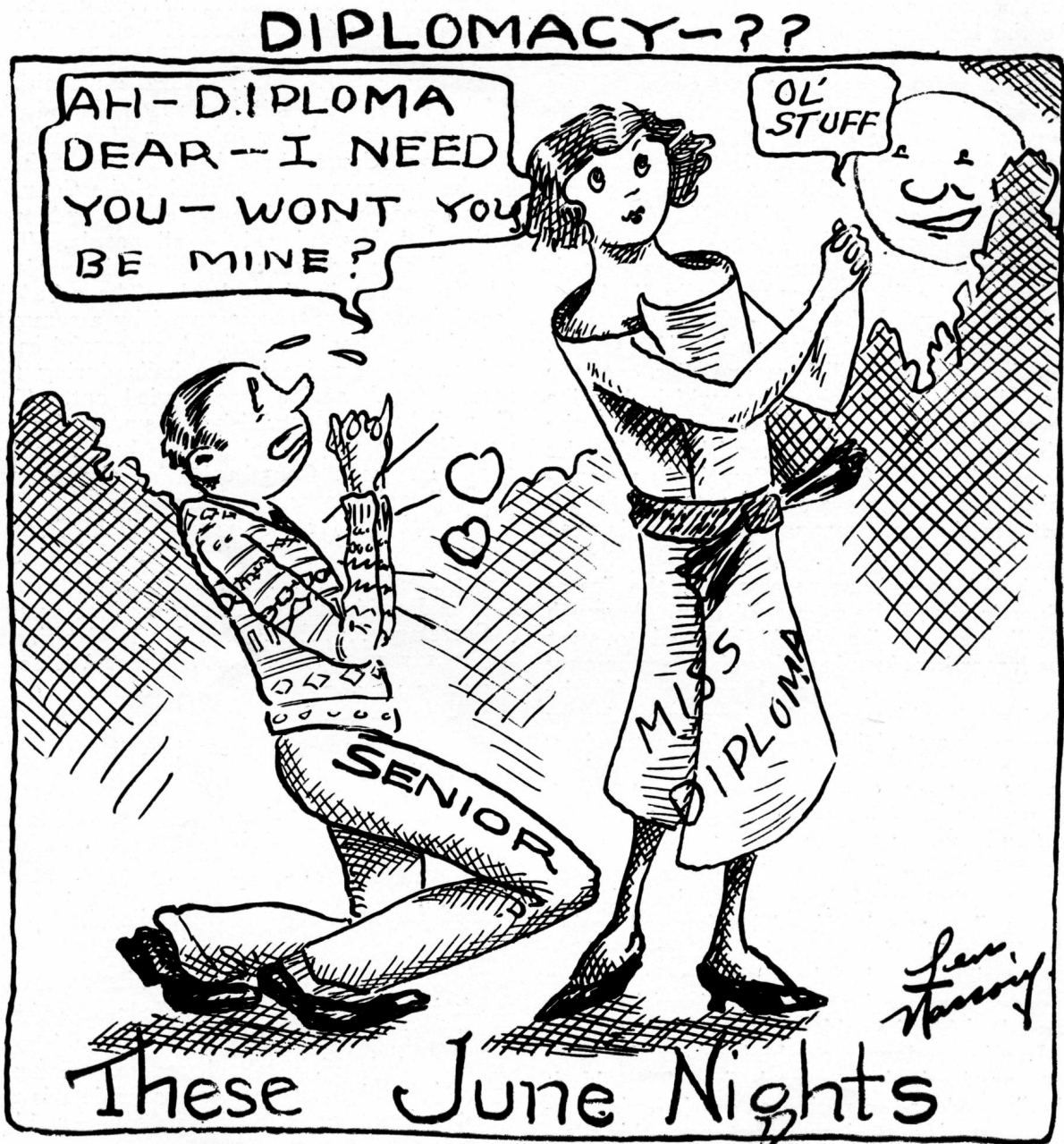
Summer High School

The summer high school is especially intended for three classes of pupils; first, candidates for entrance to college in the following September; second, pupils repeating work in which they have failed; and third, pupils of exceptional ability who wish to shorten their high school course. Concentrated attention on one or two subjects is the great advantage offered by summer high school.

Students enrolling in Summer School will be allowed to take but two subjects for which regents credit will be given, providing a passing mark of 75% is received in a Regents examination held August 25th.

The courses given will cover both junior and senior high school subjects: classes will

(Continued on Page 65)





LITERARY SOCIETY

What Rule Success?

Success is man's god. From the cradle to the grave it is the one beacon by which he steers his life.

Upon those who have gained the coveted goal he looks with the greatest respect, and asks, "What rule for Success?"

Many are there, who have amassed huge fortunes, and who bask in the warm glow of fame—their's is success. Yet, from each one comes a different rule—different in all but one point, and that—hard work.

That is the only rule for success—real, honest toil—and lots of it.

W. R. L. '26.

The telephone girl in a New York Hotel answered a queer call the other day. When she "plugged in" a man's voice said.

"Hello is this the So-and-So hotel?"

"Why, no," answered the girl, "this is the Such-and-Such hotel."

"Oh all right," said the man. "Just woke up and didn't know where I was."

President John Morice
Vice Pres. Tower Snow
Secretary Edgar Barlow
Treasurer Catherine Hoak
Fac. Advisor Mrs. B. D. Supplee

At the yearly elections the vice-president automatically becomes president and a junior is elected vice-president, so that there may always be a senior as president.

The society at the present time has an active membership of about fifty students, under the leadership of Mrs. Supplee.

This year has been the most successful one since the starting of the Society. The members have put on two programs in the assembly with the assistance of Mrs. Supplee and Mrs. Montgomery. The students have greatly appreciated these programs, and it is hoped that next year more may be done.

Lady—"Have you given the goldfish fresh water, Janet?"

Maid—"No mum, they ain't finished the water I gave them yesterday yet."



Football

After the best football season ever had by the Red and Gray, the record which hung itself on the walls of the hall of fame read in this manner.

Niagara was scored on only three times out of nine games played.

Not a game was lost!

The Red and Gray piled up a total of 242 points to 24 by her opponents.

Coach McCabe was heard to remark at the beginning of the season that "the gang looked pretty good." It was not a super-heavy team that represented Niagara on the gridiron. But it had been in the making for the past three years. It is true that several players were seen in action for the high school for the first time, this year. But the foundation laid and the fighting unit that was the result was destined to hang up an enviable record.

Practically every game of the season was played in a field of mud, many times in a drizzling rain. An exceptional enticement for the rooters, who despite that fact turned out in goodly numbers.

The first game was played against the Niagara's, a local team who provided hardly opposition to show what the high school could do. The score 57—12 shows how the well-trained Red and Gray ran away with their opponents.

On Oct. 10, Technical of Buffalo showed up here with a team that had proven itself against several high schools in the Bison city. In a slimy field the local team waded to a 13—0 victory.

LeRoy journeyed to the Falls on Oct. 17 to take a beating of 25—0.

Batavia who was expected to provide one of the most hotly contested games proved herself temperamental and Niagara's attack in the first quarter unnerved her to place the entire Blue team at the mercy of the local backfield. Final score 36—0.

Niagara went to Buffalo the following week to meet the eleven from St. Joe's Collegiate Institute. In this game Capt. MacLeod slid and slipped in two feet of mud to lead the Red and Gray to victory. Substitutions were frequent in this game, practically the whole

second and third teams having a hand in the win. 25—0.

The toughest game of the season came on Nov. 7 when the team from Erie, Pa., fresh from a victory over the Pa. state champs came with what was called "the wonder team" to take Niagara's scalp. Their hopes were in vain, however. Despite the splendid equipment and several coaches, despite their splendid record and marvelous football tactics, the famous eleven from Pa. was held to a 6—6 tie. This game was fought in the rain, with the crowd of spectators from both Niagara Falls and Erie going crazy over every turn of the tide. It was a battle from start to finish with Five Yards Murphy doing most of Niagara's gaining. It was Dan's day and he ripped the lines apart, time after time.

Lockport fell before the Red and Gray to be beaten by 12—0 score after a closely contested battle.

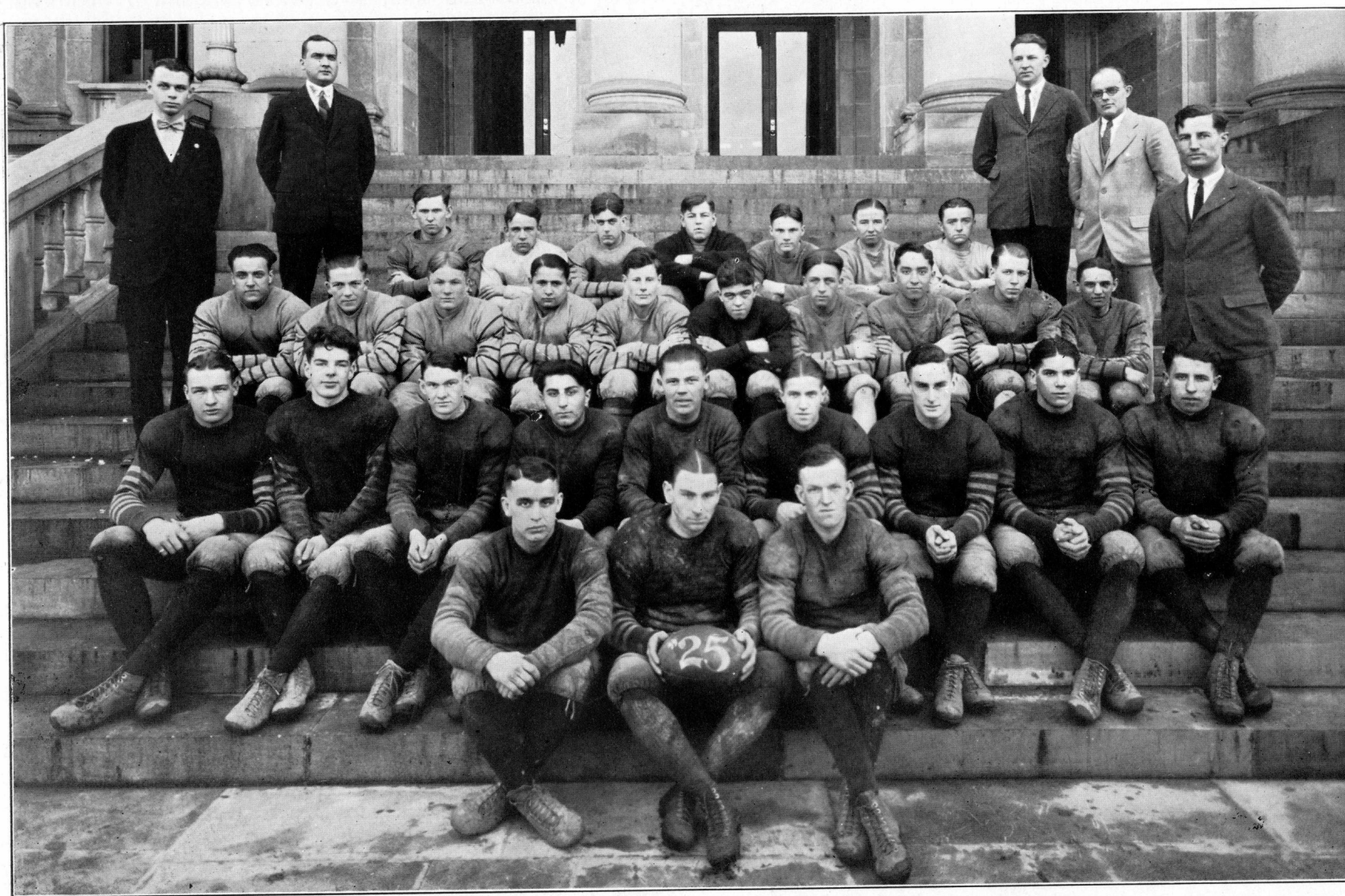
Silver Creek was snowed under at 61—0 when the science of the locals overcame the brawn of the farmers.

The last game was played away from home. Thanksgiving day found the Red and Gray in camp at Warren, Pa. It was the first time that the Warren high school had been defeated on Thanksgiving on its own ground in twenty-five years. Tradition had made it virtually impossible. It was the great game of the season, a time honored event and when, after a superb fight that only the final score of 7—6 in favor of Niagara can describe, the critics from Warren congratulated the winners on a well-deserved victory, the cup of joy was full and a tired team put aside its mud-caked suits for the last time. Again Danny Murphy at full-back was the sensation of the day, his line smashes winning for the Red and Gray their only touch-down. A reporter after the game was heard asking for the "extra team they had in the backfield."

Next year's schedule promises to be even harder. However, Capt.-elect. Hilliard promises another successful season.

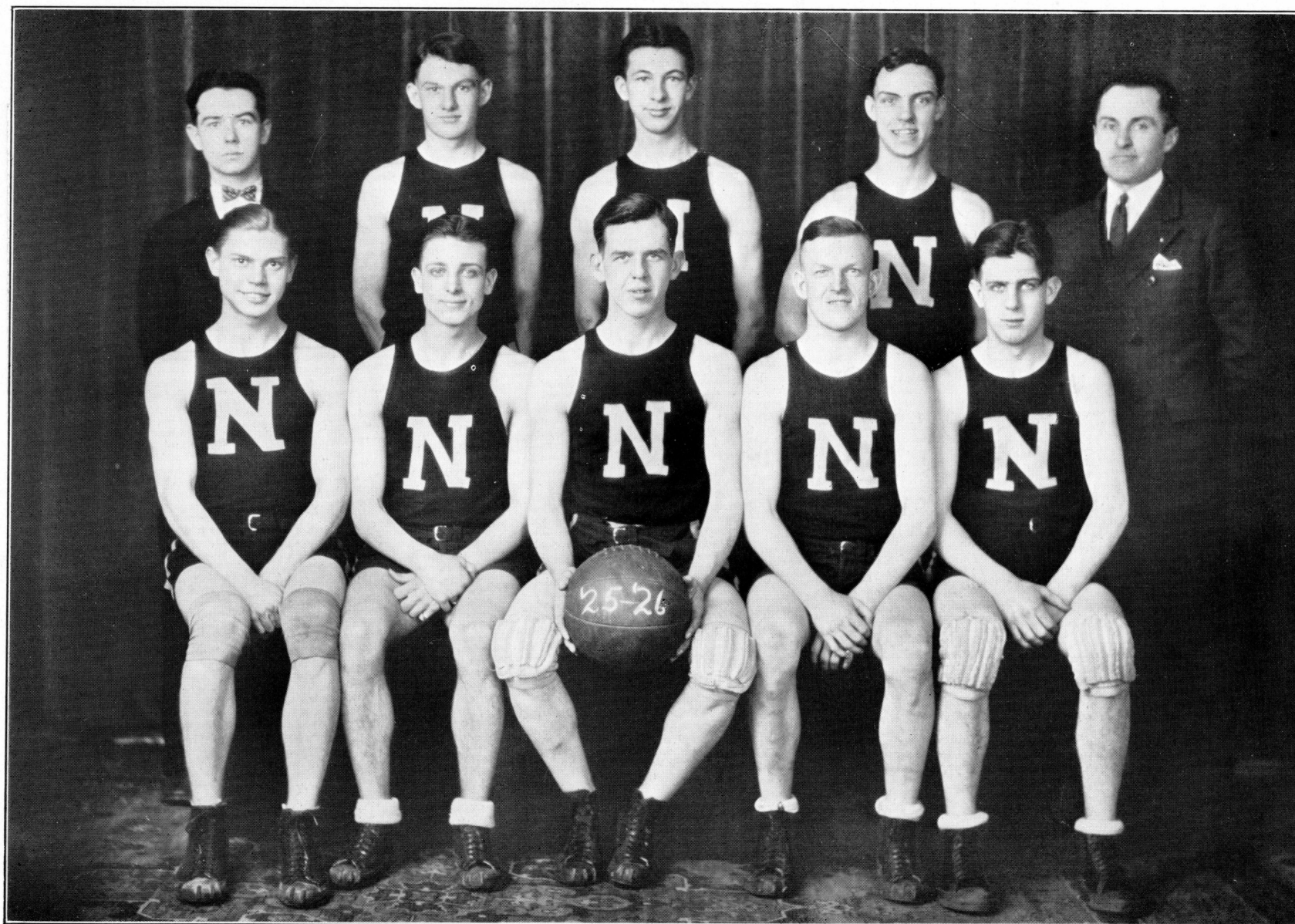
Customer: "Do you think sardines are healthy?"

Grocer—"Well, I never heard one complain."



FOOTBALL TEAM

STANDING: J. MORICE, MANAGER; MR. FRASER, COACH SZCZERBACKI, MR. NORTON, COACH McCABE. TOP ROW: F. HUMAN, G. COPNELL, J. CADZOW, K. THAYER, M. BARTON, W. SINCLAIR, F. KUDER. SECOND ROW: B. PORTER, C. LOWE, W. BALTUTH, S. CATERINA, E. IRISH, E. CURRY, C. FARREL, A. D'ANGELO, J. WAGNER, D. SCARPINO. THIRD ROW: L. WINIARSKI, J. MORAN, T. JUSTICE, K. SAFARIAN, W. KWAPISZ, E. WOOD, H. WOODALL, J. SNYDER, D. MURPHY. FOURTH ROW: W. HILLIARD, H. McLEOD, CAPTAIN, H. BLAKESLEE.



BASKETBALL TEAM

STANDING: L. MURPHY, MANAGER; T. JUSTICE, H. SCOTT, K. BROWN, COACH HERKIMER.
CAPTAIN; H. BLAKESLEE; J. CADZOW.

SITTING: C. ANDERS, H. JEWELL, C. WALTER,

Basketball

December 9, 1926

Niagara Falls Before De Veaux

Niagara opened her 1926-27 season with De Veaux, receiving a severe trouncing at the hands of the cadets, 27—18. Niagara had but one week's practice behind her and showed poor teamwork. Jenss led De Veaux's attack with 11 points while Jewell starred for Niagara, counting six times from the field and once from the free throw line.

December 18

Niagara Vanquishes Masten

The Red and Gray redeemed itself by scoring a hair-raising victory over Masten Park of Buffalo 21—19. The crowd was taken by surprise at Niagara's lightning-like offensive. The all-round playing of the team featured. "Peep" Hoover kept Masten in the running while Jewell's shooting and Blakeslee's stellar guarding were enough to insure Niagara of victory.

December 23

Tech Also a Victim

Niagara, inspired by the return of last year's star center, Jimmy Donohue, played stellar basket-ball and defeated the highly touted Technical team of Buffalo. Jewell was the bright light for Niagara with six field goals and two free throws. Eodis Whittington's feinting and shooting kept the Pine Avenue lads guessing. As in the Masten game, Niagara came from behind in the second half to nose out victory.

January 8

Niagara Opens R. P. I. League Season

The Pine Avenue quintet opened the R. P. I. cup league with an easy victory over Tonawanda 22—8. Niagara, however, appeared sadly off form, Herb Jewell being the chief off-color artist. Justice and Donohue bore the brunt of the attack, the latter's brilliant long shots putting Niagara ahead.

January 15

Niagara Humbles North Tonawanda

Niagara played her best game so far this season defeating the strong North Tonawanda High School team 37—16. There were no individual stars in this game, the whole team playing well.

January 22

Niagara Whips Batavia

The Red and Gray journeyed to Batavia

and handed the husky boys from that town a decisive set-back 23—17. Up to this time Batavia and Dunkirk had been conceded even chances to win the cup, but this Red and Gray victory gave an entirely different aspect. Jewell and Donohue starred for Niagara, the former registering six times from the field and on one occasion caged the ball from three quarter length of the court.

January 29

Red and Gray Down Dunkirk

Niagara again surprised her followers by journeying to the Lake Port city, and handing the red and white a beating 23—17. Up to this time the two teams had been tied for the league lead, but Niagara took undisputed first place. Justice, Jewell and Blakeslee were the stars, the latter's last minute field basket and foul throws winning the game.

February 5

Niagara Falls Before Lockport

The Red and Gray sustained their first defeat on the Pine Avenue court, falling before the Lock City lads, 22—21. Niagara had no breaks, and at times appeared overconfident. Jewel starred for Niagara, while "Diddy" O'Hair and Jud Allen made enough long shots to win any game.

February 12

Tonawanda Trounces Red and Gray

Niagara received her second consecutive set-back.

February 19

Niagara Whips North Tonawanda

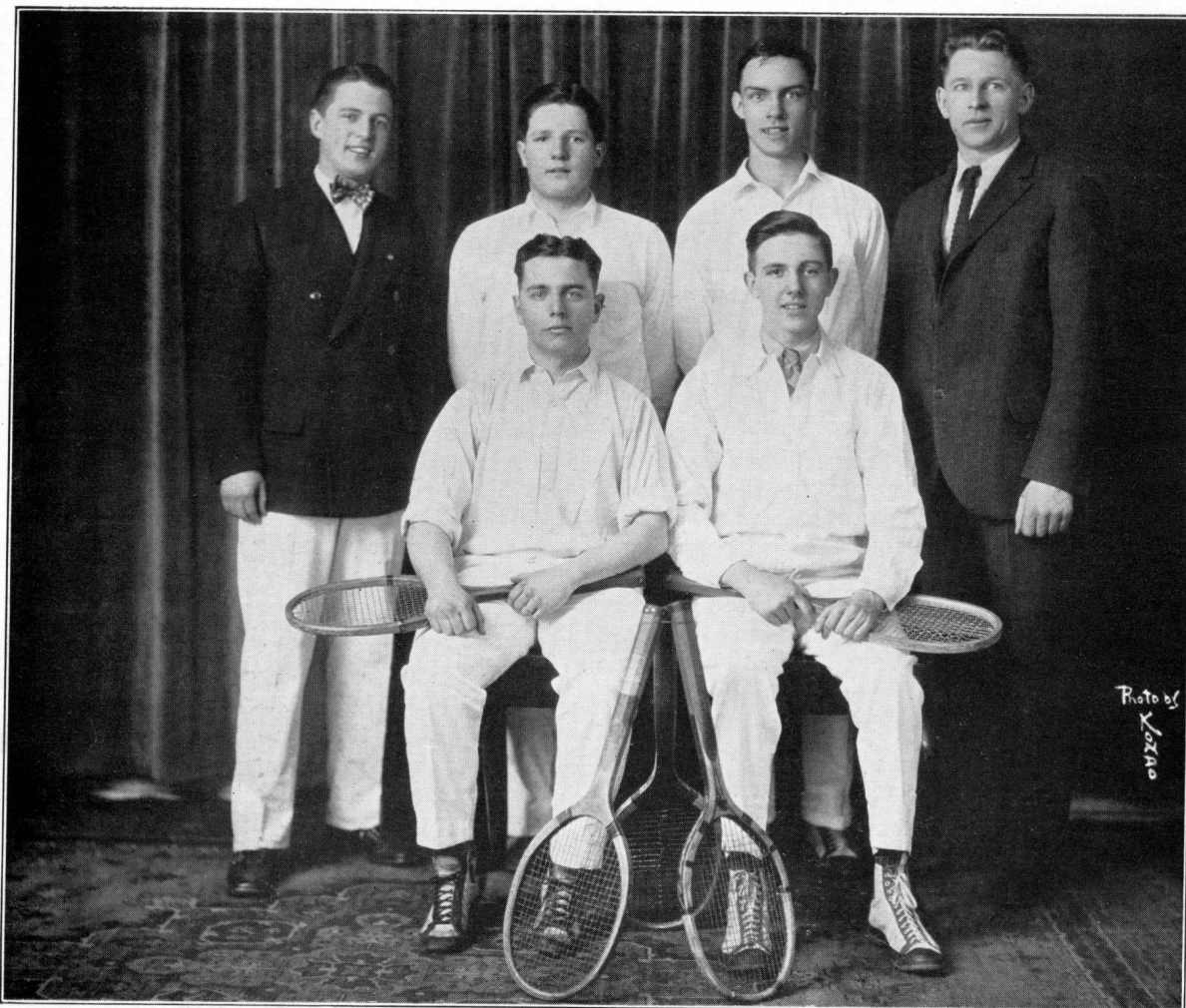
Niagara played stellar basket-ball and narrowly beat N. T. H. S. 21—19. Jewell and Cadzow starred, the former casting six times from the field. The Red and Gray seemed to have recovered from their slump.

Niagara Wallops DeVeaux

The Red and Gray avenged their early season defeat at the hands of De Veaux by trouncing the Cadets 24—18. Cadzow and Jewell starred, the latter scoring six field goals in the first quarter. Niagara was playing good basket-ball but not up to standard.

Niagara Defeats Batavia

Niagara showed the old Red and Gray fighting spirit when she handed Batavia a terrible trouncing 30—15. The score stood 10 all at half-time but Niagara showed wonderful form thereafter scoring at will. Jewell and Justice led the offensive with 22 points between them. Herb scored six times from the field; five were spectacular long shots.



TENNIS TEAM
 LEFT TO RIGHT: WILLIAM DOOHER, RODERICK GREGG, KENNETH BROWN, COACH SCZERBACKI.
 FRONT ROW: ROBERT MACK, EDWARD D'ANNA.

Niagara Falls Before Dunkirk

Niagara lost a heart-breaking game to Dunkirk 18—17, on the Pine Avenue Court. Niagara again appeared nervous and over-confident. The Red and Gray were ahead up till the last 10 seconds when Travis, Dunkirk center, scored from quarter court. By losing this game, we virtually lost the Cup.

Niagara Bumps Lockport

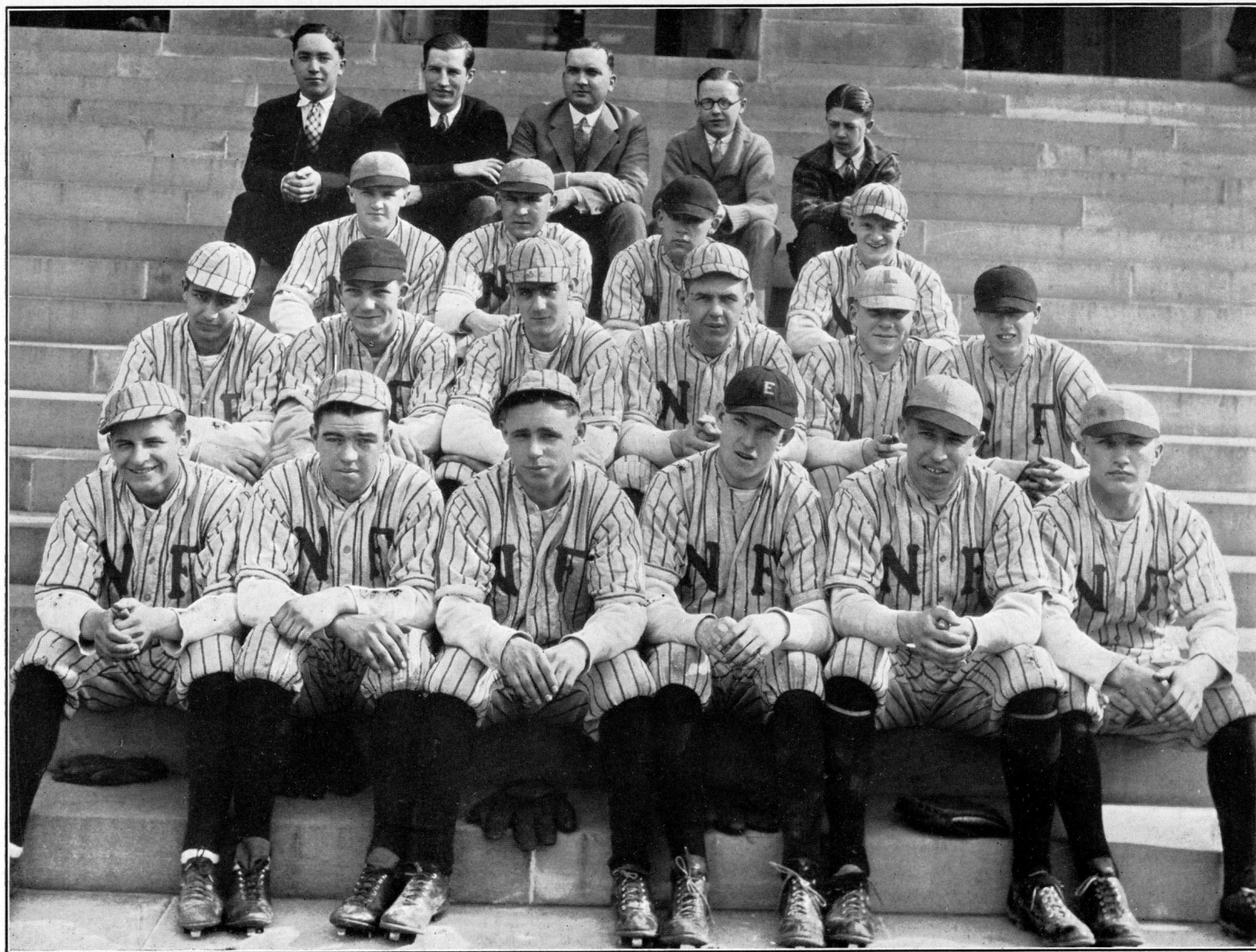
The Red and Gray avenged a former defeat at the hands of Lockport, handing them a 31—18 beating. Jewell, Blakeslee and Justice starred, the former bagging six baskets. "Diddy" O'Hair again led the Lockport attack with 10 points.

Ken Thayer (who has just found a piece of wood in a hot dog)—"Say, I don't mind the dog, but I do object to the kennel."

Tennis

The latest addition to the list of Niagara's sports is tennis. With the opening of the new courts at the South Junior high school, there came the chance for such a team. Tennis enthusiasts were quick to take advantage of the fact and last fall a team was picked to represent the Falls in the sectional tournaments. A doubles team consisting of Bill Dooher and Bud Argy went through the first round of the tourney to fall before the team from Salamanca. Eddie D'Anna who represented the high school in the singles matches went to the state meets at Hamilton.

This spring about fifteen turned out for the first regular team practice with ten of these being kept on the squad for the remainder of the season. The principal tourneys participated in by the team were those of the



BASEBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: A. D'ANGELO, manager; COACH "CHUCK" McCABE; W. S. FRASER, PRINCIPAL; T. SNOW, ASSISTANT-MANAGER; RUSSEL GROWER, ASSISTANT MANAGER. THIRD ROW: W. O'CONNOR, BROWN, H. CORNELL, J. MALONEY. SECOND ROW: F. ROTNDA, C. LOWE, J. CADZOW, C. WALTERS, TRZCIAK, T. WHITTLETON. FRONT ROW: S. HESSINGER, E. CURRY, J. GARRITY, CAPTAIN; H. BLAKESLEE, D. MURPHY, T. LISOWSKI.



TRACK TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT: TOP ROW: COACH HERKIMER, V. MESTLER, H. KABEL, L. MAGEE, D. CARMINATI, G. PENDERGAST, W. KAWAPIZ, A. COHEN. MIDDLE ROW: F. GALLO, K. SARKISSIAN, T. DeLORENZO, G. COOK, B. MORRIS, H. WALTER, J. SHEUSI, T. SWARTZ. FRONT ROW: J. FISK, K. WILLIAMS, J. MORAN, T. GAETA, J. WAGNER, N. SHIFFER, J. ECK, K. BROWN.

Review of Track Activities

The indoor season for Niagara's track men was dismal indeed. Indoor meets and scholastic competition was refused the track men by the school. Competition in Buffalo was closed to the Red and Gray runners.

In the Daily Star meet Niagara was allowed to participate. Anthony Gaeta, captain, was the only Red and Gray runner who placed, but he scored 5 points, sufficient to place Niagara in third place.

The outdoor spring season consists of a short but snappy schedule. An interscholastic meet is scheduled at Kenmore. This is followed by the sectional meet at Batavia. The winner of each event will be qualified for the State meet at the Cornell University. There is no doubt that Niagara will represent this district at the state meet with a majority of track stars.

Meets with Lockport, Nichols or Tonawanda, will find the schedule for the Red and Gray "cinder stars."

Hill and Dale Men in Syracuse Meet

Cross country, a new but heart breaking sport, has been a great success this season. Previous years have seen this sport merely a pastime used for training for the beginning of the track season.

This year several stars in cross country were developed, and five of the number qualified for the state meet at Syracuse.

The sturdiest of these is Anthony Gaeta, captain. He took second place in the state meet, competing against the best in the state. McMahon, Brown, Scott and Jewell featured in this interscholastic classic, but failed to keep up with the leaders who set a terrific pace. The state meet terminated the first year cross country, which has become a sport in the N. F. H. S.

Two yearly cross country races for which the Arnson medals and the A. N. A. medals were awarded the winners was run off in fine style.

A. Gaeta, F. McMahon and Brown won the Arnson medals. J. Eck, Magee and Cooke won possession of the A. N. A. medals in championship form.

Next season dual meets and regular interscholastic meets will be scheduled, thus placing cross country on a par with track.

"Is that a popular song that he is singing?"
"It was until he began to sing it."

Summer High School

(Continued from Page 55)

be formed in any subject (either A or B part) from the 7th year through the 12th year where there are sufficient number of pupils to warrant beginning such classes. All work will be given in the high school building. School will begin at 8:30 and close at 12:30 o'clock. There are two two-hour periods per day, time 8:30-10:30. 10:30-12:30.

The course of study and regents differ but little from the regular course. Certification privileges in English may not be claimed in the August examination, i. e., all candidates must answer both part I and II on the question paper.

The summer high schools are on trial and must justify their existence by the character of the work done in them and by the attainments of the pupils in the regents examination. The State Education Department is now enabled, through the generosity of the Legislature, to organize summer high schools upon a uniform standard, to give these schools careful and constant supervision in order to maintain these standards, to prepare adequate examinations for testing the work, and to provide for the maintenance of complete and accurate records.

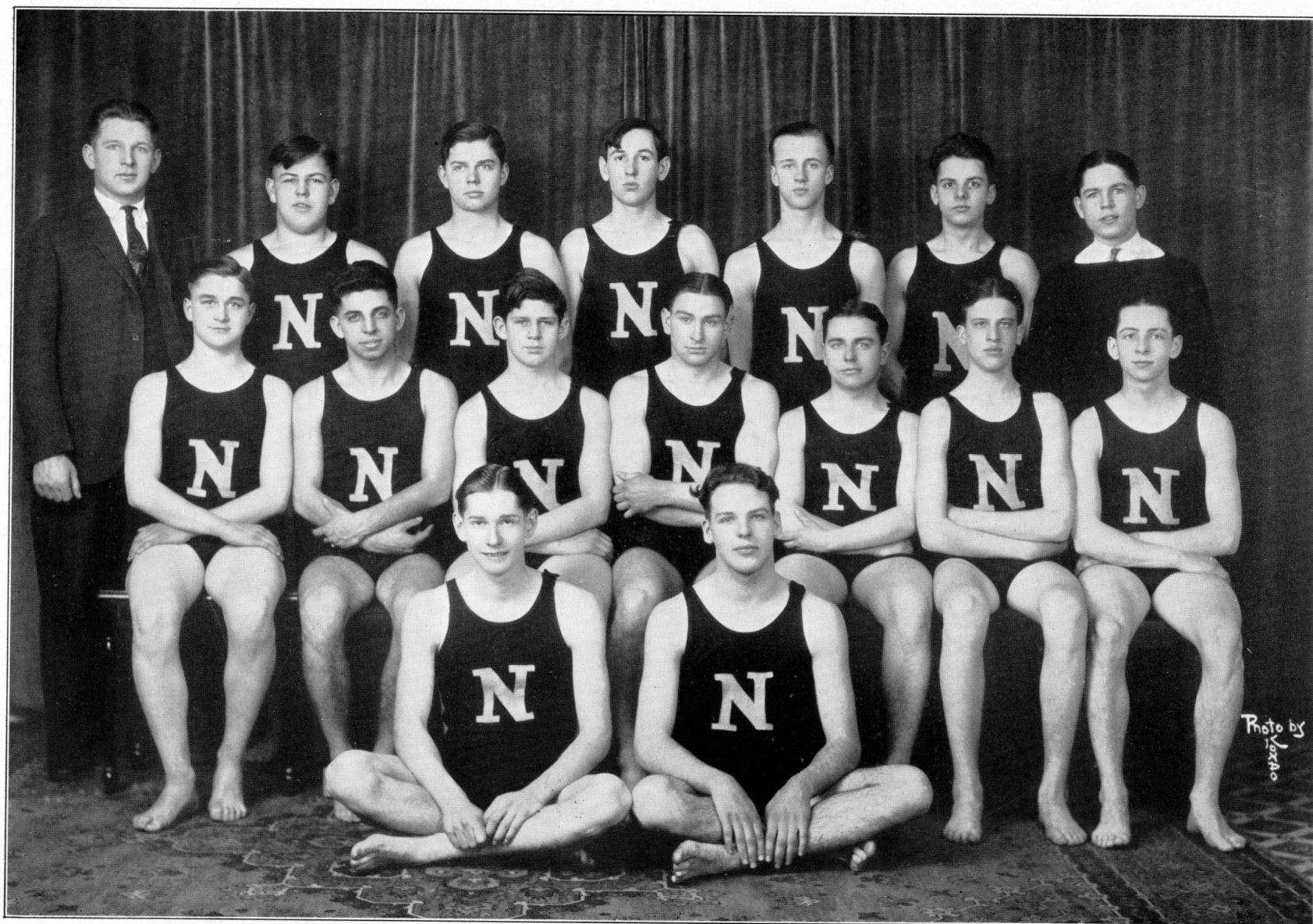
Summer high schools were held last year in the following schools:

Townsend Harris Hall	Marquand School
Knights of Columbus	White Plains H. S.
Batavia H. S.	Newburgh Tre Acad.
Hunter College H. S.	Troy H. S.
Brooklyn Summer H.S.	Schenectady H. S.
Hutchinson Sen. H. S.	Ogdensburg H. S.
Jamestown H. S.	Ithaca H. S.
Fulton H. S.	Waverly H. S.
Elmira H. S.	Bronx Summer H. S.
Mount Vernon H. S.	Queens Summer H. S.
Cascadilla S., Ithac	
Manhattan Sum. H. S.	

Two trucks crash,
One dead, one hurt.

Did you ever wonder why the night falls
but doesn't break and the day breaks but
doesn't fall?

Adsit Cup Series. The players from the high school met experienced well-known players from Nichols prep, St. Joe's and DeVeaux in this series of tournaments. This series will no doubt become a regular spring issue for the high school as the team develops.



SWIMMING TEAM

TOP ROW: COACH SZCZERBACKI, K. THAYER, R. SHEPHARD, F. HAVENS, C. ROSE, W. ANDERSON, M. HOUSE, MGR. SECOND ROW: R. McVITTIE, J. BERNSTEIN, E. HAUN, A. McLEOD, R. MACK, F. WILLIAMSON, E. MILLER. BOTTOM ROW: W. MURPHY, R. TOUCHETTE.



The Arsenal Cannon
 Arsenal Tech School
 Indianapolis, Ind.
 Central High Review,
 Central High School,
 Xenia, Ohio
 Dayton H. School Porpoise
 Dayton High School,
 Dayton, Ohio
 The Dial,
 Oneida High School,
 Oneida, N. Y.
 The Ecicare
 Racine High School,
 Racine, Wis.
 The Feltonian
 N. Tonawanda H. S.,
 N. Tonawanda, N. Y.
 Hill Top
 Tallahassee H. S.,
 Tallahassee, Fla.
 Hutch-in-sun
 Hutchinson H. S.,
 Buffalo, N. Y.
 The Pivot
 Central High School,
 Newark, N. J.
 The Proviso Pageant
 Proviso Twp. H. S.,
 Maywood, Ill.
 The Red and Green
 Jamestown H. S.,
 Jamestown, N. Y.
 The Somerset Idea
 Somerset High School,
 Somerset, Ky.
 Purple Quill
 Ball High School,
 Galveston, Texas
 The Owl
 Watertown High School,
 Watertown, N. Y.
 Homespun
 Somerset, Ky.
 Commercial News
 New Haven, Conn.
 The Picayane
 Batavia High School,
 Batavia, N. Y.
 The Chevron
 Albion High School,
 Albion, N. Y.
 The Forum
 Du Bois High School,
 Du Bois, Pa.
 Garnsville H. S. Comet
 Garnsville High School,
 Garnsville, Fla.
 The Delhi Journal
 Bryan St. High School
 Delhi, N. Y.
 Fait Lux
 Alfred University,
 Alfred, N. Y.
 The Forum
 Lockport High School,
 Lockport, N. Y.
 Hobart Journal
 Hobart College,
 Geneva, N. Y.

The Keramos
 East Liverpool H. S.,
 East Liverpool, Ohio
 The Polly Press
 Baltimore Polytech,
 Baltimore, Md.
 Red and Black
 Hillsboro High School,
 Tampa, Florida
 The Round Table
 Banks High School,
 Red Bank, N. J.
 West High
 Rochester, N. Y.
 The Cardinal
 Ogden College,
 Bowling Green, Ky.
 The Dynamo
 Breckenridge, Texas
 The Needle
 Atlanta, Iowa
 The Parkclarion
 Parker High School,
 Clarence, N. Y.
 The Oracle
 Fort Williams, Ont.
 The Reflector
 Leonardo, N. J.
 The Stikine Messenger
 Wrangell High School,
 Wrangell, Alaska
 The Volcano
 Hornell High School,
 Hornell, N. Y.
 The Rensselaer Polly Tech.
 Troy, N. Y.
 Rushlite
 Rushville High School,
 Rushville, Ind.
 Hill News
 St. Lawrence University,
 Canton, N. Y.
 D. F. H. S. Observer
 Dobbs Ferry H. S.,
 Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.
 Mirror
 Mt. Clemens H. S.,
 Mt. Clemens, Mich.
 Blair Breeze
 Blair Academy,
 Blairstown, N. J.
 School News
 Scotland High School,
 Scotland, Pa.
 Campus
 University of Rochester,
 Rochester, N. Y.
 Criterion
 Bridgeport H. S.,
 Bridgeport, Conn.
 Calumet Herald
 Hammond High School,
 Hammond, Ind.
 Warren High School
 Warren, Pa.
 D. H. S. Porpoise
 Daytona High School,
 Daytona, Florida
 St. Andrew Review
 Toronto, Ont.



SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Social Committee

Vern Mestler, Pres.
 Frances Tschabold, Vice-Pres.
 Donald McKay, Treas.
 Savilla Seither, Sec.

The Harvest Hop, October 23, 1925, was unanimously voted a huge success by all who were present. The gym was decorated with Hallowe'en colors and cornstalks. Prizes for the best costumes were captured by Frances Ardan and Bill Billings. Between the Harvest Hop, and the Flunker's Frolic were several afternoon dances which everyone enjoyed. At our own party, November 13, Mr. Palmer established, at least among the members of the Social Committee, a reputation for square-dancing. The appetite created by this intense strain on the constitution was immense and vast quantities of cider and doughnuts were soon demolished.

January 29, 1926. The night of the ever-to-be-remembered Flunker's Frolic. Every one who flunked their mid-year exams was entitled to attend. Judging from the crowd, the examinations were quite severe. Upon entering, each person received a program upon which was written the letters of a radio station. One of the features of the dance was the drawing of two programs, one for the girls and one for the boys. Marjorie Scott and John Adams were the lucky individuals.

"Can you guarantee those canaries?"

"I'll say I can. I rised them from canary seed!"

First Visitor—"Say, these cakes are like stone."

Second Visitor—"I know. Didn't she say, 'Take your pick' when she passed them around?"

The Oracle
 Lafayette H. S.,
 Buffalo, N. Y.
 Manual Arts Weekly
 Los Angeles, Calif.
 Vocationalite
 Vocational High School,
 Syracuse, N. Y.
 The "O"
 Oskaloosa H. S.,
 Oskaloosa, Iowa
 The Stem
 Amsterdam H. S.,
 Amsterdam, N. Y.
 Sarasotan
 Sarasotan H. S.,
 Sarasota, Fla.
 Mirror
 Stevens High School,
 Stevens Point, Wis.

Patroon
 Albany High School,
 Albany, N. Y.
 Hill Topic
 Masten Park H. S.,
 Buffalo, N. Y.
 B. H. S. Life
 Beloit High School,
 Beloit, Kansas
 X-Ray
 Senior High School,
 Anderson, Ind.
 Pinnacle
 Princeton High School,
 Princeton, W. Va.
 Tecthonian
 Technical High School,
 Buffalo, N. Y.

Typewriting Awards

Sept. 1925—June 1926

Underwood Certificate

Mildred Allen
 Adena Bellegia
 Jeanette Guziejaska
 Catherine Hoak
 Margaret Maloney
 Bertha Reed
 Philomena Scrufari
 Ethel Outland
 Edythe Croft
 Jean McCauley
 Frances Madaye
 Laura Metzger
 Catherine Mitchell
 Julia Rotunda
 Ruth Schultz
 Gladys Schumacker
 Marie Silva
 Irene Hastee
 Elsie Talladay
 Jane Stamborski
 Geraldine McKinnon
 Jennie Coleman
 Lena Simpson
 Frances Pietak
 John Ringleb
 Thelma Gruber
 Arline Hartburg
 Lottie Jazanik
 Ethel Dwor
 Elizabeth Smith
 Eleanor Nixon

Underwood Bronze

Pins

40 words net

Almina LaTona
 Margaret Maloney
 Ruth Schultz
 Martha Reed
 John Ringleb
 Alice Sievert

(Evening School)

Philomena Scrufari
 Catherine Hoak
 Frances Madaye
 Lorraine Miller
 Delphine Daul
 Adeline Hodge
 Jean McCauley
 Antoinette Misch
 Sara Watson

(Evening School)

Frances Pietak
 Jeanette Guziejaska

Underwood Silver Pins

50 words net

Elizabeth Smith
 Sarah Frask
 Adeline Hodge
 (Evening School)
 Laura Metzger

L. C. Smith Certificates

Adeline Hodge
 Almina LaTona
 Dorothy Erwin
 Margaret Maloney
 Martha Reed
 Dorothy McCracken
 Philomena Scrufari
 Jane Stamborski
 Delphine Daul
 Mildred Allen
 Irene Hastee
 Julia Rotunda
 Geraldine McKinnon
 Frances Madaye
 Thelma Gruber



CHORAL CLUB

E. DEAN, M. WILLIAMS, A. GORDON, M. BRADLEY, R. LUNKEN, F. SODURI, R. GORNBEIN, R. CARL, F. THOMPSON, F. McPHERSON, F. TSCHABOLD, J. MCCAULEY, A. GREY, N. PRICE, MISS E. HULEN, R. RICHARDSON, A. BROADLEY, E. MITCHELL, D. STEVENS, W. SCHWETZER, E. SMITH, A. CURCIO, F. PINO.

Bronze Pins 40 words net

Jennie Coleman
Lorraine Miller
Frances Pietak
Elizabeth Smith
Philomena Scrufari
Almina LaTona
Margaret Maloney
Adeline Hodge
Laura Metzger
Sarah Frask
Ruth Schultz

(Evening School)
Jeanette Guziejewski
Catherine Mitchell

Silver Pins 50 words net

Almina LaTona
Lorraine Miller
Elizabeth Smith
Frances Pietak

Royal Certificates

Mildred Allen
Lorraine Miller
Almina LaTona

Frances Pietak
Geraldine McKinnon

Royal Gold Pins 45 words net

Almina LaTona
Jeanette Guziejewski
Arline Hartburg

Remington Certificates

Philomena Scrufari
Frances Madaye
Helen Dempsey
Eleanor Nixon
Dorothy Erwin
Adeline Hodge
Jennie Coleman

Remington Silver Pin 45 words net

Elizabeth Smith
Jeanette Guziejewski
Almina LaTona
Frances Pietak

Remington Gold Pin

55 words net
Elizabeth Smith

Order Gregg Artists

September 1925—June 1926

Certificates for proficiency in Shorthand
awarded by the Gregg Shorthand Company.

Delphine Daul
Jeanette Guziejewski
Catherine Hoak
Lottie Jazanik
Ethel Morris

Eleanor Nixon
Julia Rotunda
Philomena Scrufari
Elizabeth Smith
Jane Stamborski

"What is the name of the species I have just shot," demanded the amateur hunter.

"Well, sir," answered his guide, "I have just been investigating and he says his name is Smith."

Mr. Norton: "Joseph, what is zinc?"

J. Snyder: "Why it's the French pronunciation for think."



CHRONICLE STAFF

BACK ROW: D. SCARPINO, MISS CLEVELAND, L. WINIARSKI, H. GELLMAN, W. LEWIS, G. HANSON, R. MACK. FRONT ROW: E. TALLADAY, K. YOUNG, M. KNOWLES, E. OUTLAND, E. PARSONS, D. TAYLOR.

LITERARY



Sergeant Bill Spends an Uncomfortable Night

Sergeant Bill Poindexter swung stiffly down from his leg-weary mount and shook the snow from the inside of his collar. He viewed rather apprehensively the disconsolate farm house, with a faint light visible at one of the windows. But then, the storm showed no signs of abating and he and his horse must have shelter.

"I reckon, Splinter," he announced, addressing that animal, "that it's either stay here or hike ten miles farther which I don't guess we want to do to-night."

Splinter tossed his head and whickered softly. With a laugh Bill, the bridle-rein over his arm, walked up to the door and knocked. There was no response. A second and a third time he rapped—then he lost his temper and pounded on the door with the butt of his gun.

A moment later the portal was opened a tiny crack and the sergeant caught a glimpse of an old man, holding a lamp high over his head.

"Can you put us up for to-night—myself and my horse?" Bill asked. "The animal's been out all day and it's too stormy to go any farther to-night."

"Who be ye?" quavered a thin voice, and the door was opened somewhat wider.

"State Trooper," Poindexter explained promptly. "Can we stay here?"

"They—of, I s'pose so," the old man grumbled ungraciously. "It's a bad night, and I guess that 'They' wouldn't even put a dog out. Ye kin put the hoss in the stable and I'll see what 'They'—"

His voice trailed off into an indistinct mumbling and almost abruptly he shut the door in the trooper's face.

"A pleasant old fellow, isn't he, Splinter?" Bill remarked to his horse, as he led the animal around to the little shed at the rear

of the house. "The atmosphere isn't exactly cheerful, but anyway, it's better than traveling ten more miles in this storm."

Sergeant Bill attended scrupulously to Splinter's welfare before he himself went back to the house again. The old man admitted him into a dingy hall and all the time mumbling unintelligibly to himself led the way back through to the kitchen.

Seen in a better light the host certainly did not present a very prepossessing appearance. He was bent and withered with age, his lips seemed drawn back in a perpetual leer, and his faded, bloodshot eyes held a slightly cunning look. He was clad in a pair of disreputable overalls that looked as though they might have come out of the Ark.

As Bill divested himself of his sheepskin coat he noticed that the rough pine table was laid for three. As he was about to cross the kitchen a menacing growl halted him. Looking hastily downward the trooper uttered an exclamation. For sitting and staring steadily at him with savage eyes and bared fangs was a splendid police dog.

"Wolf, keep quiet!" the old man admonished. "It's all right—'They' ain't goin' to mind."

And at his words the dog subsided.

Stepping carefully around the animal Poindexter seated himself at the table of his host's surly invitation and attacked the meal. He made one or two ineffectual attempts to draw the old man, who had seated himself before the fire with his pipe, into a conversation, and then gave up the attempt. When he had finished the other rose to his feet with alacrity and taking a lamp directed the sergeant to follow him.

At the top of the flight of rickety stairs was a huge chest from which issued peculiar sounds. Suddenly the old man directed the rays of his light full upon the box, revealing that it had a heavy glass top, beneath which something sealy and hideous writhed and twisted.

"My friends," came the cackling explanation. "Good ones, eh?"

Bill was attacked with a horrible "crawly" feeling. He had always had a marked distaste for snakes and he felt that this was just a little bit too much.

The old man stopped before a narrow door and handed the trooper the light.

"There ye be," he said. "A good-night to ye—and ye needn't mind 'Them'. They won't hurt ye."

Bill wondered if he was referring to the snakes.

Sergeant Poindexter entered the musty-smelling bedroom and viewed with disgust the ramshackle and dust-covered furniture. On the broken-down bed was a pile of bedclothes that looked as though they had not been moved for years.

"Got to make the best of it now," the young man groaned to himself, unbuckling his gun-belt and then sitting down gingerly on the edge of the bed, which creaked alarmingly under his weight. He unstrapped his high leather puttees and started to remove his boots, then the memory of the rattlers made him pull them hastily back on again.

Finally Bill blew out the lamp and lay down. It was bitterly cold and he had taken the cleanest opening of the blankets to roll up in. Worn out with a hard day's patrol he was nearly asleep when a soft sound brought him upright, every nerve strained and tense. The howling of the wind and the furious drive of the snow upon the single window came to his ear, but that was all—

Was it? What was that?

A faint slithering sound made Bill reach a quick hand for his gun. He flashed his electric torch cautiously about, expecting every minute to see the light glisten on the body of a rattler.

Again came that peculiar sound—this time a distinct sniff! Only the dog! Although he felt greatly relieved Bill hopped off the bed and braced the back of a chair beneath the door knob. Then he lay down again.

The sergeant awoke suddenly with a start, he had been having a horrible dream of trying to escape from two fiery eyes that relentlessly pursued him. Still only half-conscious, Bill raised dazed eyes to meet the unwinking stare of two glowing balls of fire high up towards the ceiling. Even as the trooper looked, feeling his hair seem to rise almost straight up on his head, the burning eyes disappeared and there was a soft swish. The darkness was once more undisturbed.

Thoroughly wide awake Poindexter glanced at his wrist watch; the radium-tipped hands pointed to twenty minutes past three. Well, it would only be a few hours before he must be on his way. He preferred to spend the remainder of the night sitting by the tiny window, listening to the weird sounds that occasionally came out of the darkness.

When Sergeant Bill Poindexter came into the kitchen in the morning light he found his host again sitting by the fire, smoking his pipe. As before, the table was laid for three, but only the trooper partook of the meal. He was just finishing when a soft "Whoo" made him look up. Perched over the doorway was a tiny owl!

"So you're what almost gave me heart-failure last night," Bill grinned to himself.

The old man left the kitchen for a few minutes, and when he returned he had a huge rattle-snake coiled around one wrist.

"Soo, my pretiest," he crooned. "Come and make friends with the gentleman."

"No thanks!" Bill made a somewhat hasty departure.

That afternoon, when the sergeant met his patrol-mate, he casually mentioned the house where he had stayed the previous night.

"Why, that must have been old Dan Marley's!" the other trooper exclaimed. "I never thought you'd strike his place, Sarge, or I'd have warned you. You took the wrong turning at the forks. Old Dan's sort of harmlessly crooked—lives there alone with some odd pets, they say."

"His only son was killed during the War, and his daughter-in-law who was living with him, died a few days later from the shock. Ever since then old Dan's been—not just right. I've heard that he still sets two extra places at the table, and seems to think that his son and daughter are living again."

"His shack has won the repute of being haunted—and there may be something in that after all."

"It certainly is," said Bill grimly.

When he returned to the barracks Sergeant Bill Poindexter did not tell his comrades of the night he had spent at Dan Marley's. He argued that the fellows could never understand his aversion of snakes, and would manage to make life unpleasant for him. Perhaps Bill was right.

Soph—"But I don't think I deserved an absolute zero."

Teacher—"Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."

Capt'in Jack

A shrill brrrrr broke the restful silence of the den. Doctor Thurston sighed wearily as he closed his book and turned to answer the call. Busy every moment all day, now came another summons, when he had so counted on a refreshing rest tonight.

"Oh! Doctor Thurston, will you come to Chesterfield Manor immediately? Captain Jackson is very ill....." Here the low trembling voice broke into a sob.

The doctor gave a few hurried instructions and hung up. Five minutes later he was seated in his faithful little red roadster, his case by his side, driving top speed along the Lake Boulevard toward Capt'in Jack's isolated country estate.

Clouds massed threatening over head. The boisterous wind roared and shrieked, tearing and twisting the giant oaks on his right until they moaned and groaned as if in agony. Unmindful of this display of nature's power, the physician sped on. The life of the old seaman, Capt'in Jack, his dearest friend and advisor was in danger. He thought of the words of the butler again, "There was a terrific thud outside as if something heavy had fallen. We rushed in and found the Captain lying speechless on the bed, deathly white gasping for breath. He is constantly striving to speak. Ooh! Doctor, hurry." Something unusual had happened because a retired sea-captain who had braved the wild typhoons of the southern Pacific for more than thirty years was not easily frightened.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a blinding white flash of lightning, which rent the storm-frenzied heavens in two and threw its dazzling reflection across the foaming wave crests of the lake. The thunder followed with a deafening roar. The still-rising wind whistled through the car drowning out the lesser voices of the tempest. The doctor remembered too late that his curtains were safe at home, and bent all his energy over the wheel.

The storm broke in earnest. Pelting rain forced the doctor to stop his machine, and shelter himself as best he could in a thin summer top coat. The lake and the woods were now dense black, now ghastly gray. The rumble and peal of thunder sounded even above the groaning, creaking trees. After a few moments, the tempest abated a little. The car took the road again. Slipping and sliding over the shiny, glassy pavement, it "chugged" bravely on its way.

At last! The low stone wall, the stately grey Manor above it stood out distinctly ahead.

Doctor Thurston brought the machine to a quick stop before the door, sprang up the steps, two at a time, and rang the bell. John, the captain's butler and personal attendant opened the door cautiously. At the sight of the doctor, his face took on a decidedly relieved look.

"Upstairs; this way Doctor. Can you help him? He tries constantly to speak."

There upon the bed lay an aged, white haired, white-bearded man. His face usually rugged and rosy, now white and drawn. His eyes lighted up with welcome at the approach of his friend. His lips moved unceasingly, but the sound was not audible. The doctor bent closer. He caught several words faintly, "...force me....paper....oaken chest...." They meant little and gave no clue to the mystery. There was only one theory, an attempt at robbery. Yet there was nothing to indicate that anyone had been in the room except the captain and certainly no one had ventured through the halls because servants had been passing back and forth all evening. All doors and windows were, as usual at night, securely shut and locked.

Little could be done for the patient. Time alone would restore him. The doctor made a thorough inspection of the house. Everything was orderly and undisturbed. His only order was, "John, keep all noise and excitement away from Captain Jackson. With rest and quiet he will be all right in a few weeks. Do not allow him to talk."

The storm was over as quickly as it had come. When the doctor opened his desk after lunch, he found a small slip of paper. The writing was awkward and the spelling plainly that of an uneducated person. On it were the words, "We am goin' to git it yit." He was puzzled and perplexed. The only explanation was that the note threatened him or else his friend. He knew of nothing in the captain's possession, which would cause great concern.

The physician was called out of town for a few days. He left Captain Jackson under the care of his assistant. As soon as possible after his return, he jumped into his car and sped along the road to Chesterfield Manor.

He was ushered into a cheerful sunny room where the captain kept all the relics of his seafaring days. Capt'in Jack, his cordial smiling self, welcomed him and indicated a seat beside the window. While the cooling lake

breezes did their best to render him comfortable, Captain Jack gazed still smiling at his wondering and amazed guest.

"Do not look so startled, Max. I am still in my right senses, even if I was scared stiff when you saw me last."

"But Captin Jack you should still be in bed. You were really ill."

"I just finished telling you, Maxfield Thurston, that I was just plain scared. You have a right to demand an explanation, though. I heard about the note you found the other day. No, I guess I had better start from the beginning. The story is short enough.

"Seven years before I left the sea, in October, we were running between a little port off the coast of China and San Francisco. One of the gobs was a Moor. He was dark and swarthy, and behind his black beady eyes was a brain just "chuck full" of super-stition.

"During the voyage we struck a typhoon. I shall never forget that. For days the storm raged and the waters heaved. You would have thought the whole Pacific was churning and splashing over us. I tried to keep the course, but we wavered and wandered back and forth. During the storm we passed an uncharted island. On my official records I made note of it. I also drew a rough map and marked out as nearly as I could, its positions.

"The Moor must have watched me, because he begged dozens of times for that chart. About that time there was a great stir-up about buried treasures. The Moor must have heard it and thinking in this ignorant way that the typhoon had been sent to guide us to the island, he wanted to hunt for the treasure. I never took much stock in such things so I kept the record. He got nasty and was let out of the crew in San Francisco.

"I had never seen him since, but I guess that was him the other night. The storm was just roaring about like that typhoon when I went to bed. I couldn't sleep so I lay there reading. I drowsed off finally. The next thing I knew, I was bound hand and foot, just rolled up tight in the bed clothes, face and all. I struggled. A knife was pressed against my chest. Don't look so scared. When you examined me, the mark was so thin you missed it. Then, the one who held me loosed the blanket from over my eyes so I could make out figures in the room. They took my chest with all my records and threw it out the window. You can see a mark at the bottom of the embankment from here but

the place where it fell was washed out by the rain. A machine was waiting on the lower Lake road.

"Then those treacherous Moors fixed me all nice in bed and scrambled quick as a flash out the window and along the grating to the ground. Your Capt'in Jack is getting old. I guess that is why he was so scared. Those records were valuable too."

"But Capt'in, how do you know it was the Moors and what did the note mean?"

"Oh, that is easy. The map wasn't in the chest, but they hadn't given hopes of getting it. As to the Moors, they were caught last night trying to steal a boat at the port up the lake. They confessed and today the police chief "toted" back my old chest. Well, seein' as I've caused you so much trouble, I guess you better stay to a good seaman's dinner with Capt'in Jack."

The End.



Mistress—"Why didn't you bring in the plum pudding, Jane?"

Jane (exultingly): "We couldn't get the brandy to light Madam, but its alright now, we poured a little kerosene over it."

"Will you let me kiss you, if I give you a penny?" asked Johnny's aunt.

"Huh," said Johnny, "I get more than that for taking castor-oil."

Lady—"Are your eggs fresh?"

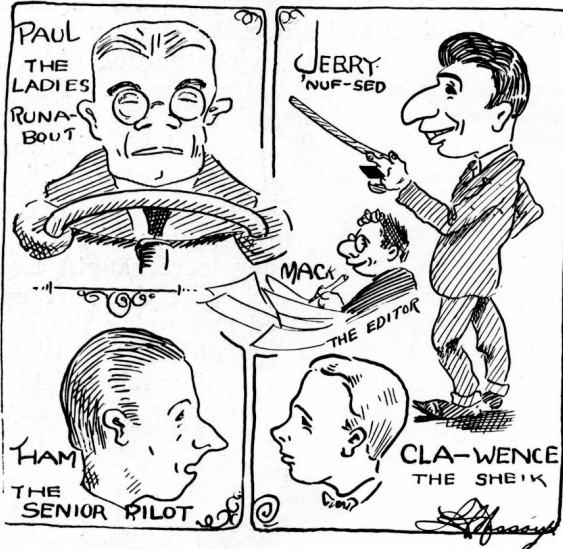
Clark—"Madam, the hen doesn't realize I have them yet."

"Dad, how many make a million?"

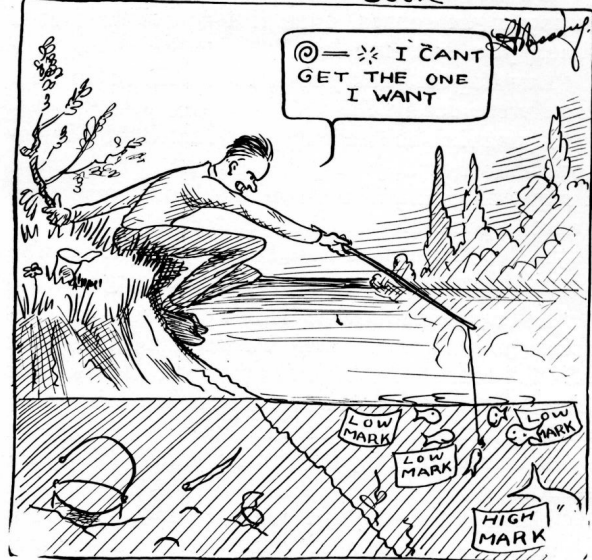
"Very few, my son, very few."



THE FAMOUS FIVE



FISHERMAN'S LUCK



THE SENIOR WHO PASSED



AS YE SOW SO SHALL YE REAP



"I wonder who invented that one about Friday being unlucky?"

"Oh, some poor fish."

Sing a song of students,
Cramming for exams,
Flocking to the library
Like a bunch of lambs.
When exams are over,
Studes begin to call,
Let's put away our textbooks,
At least until next fall."

He kissed her on the cheek;
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He's been laid up for a week—
They say, with painter's colic.

Entertainer—"If someone in the audience will call out the name of some female character in Shakespeare, I will endeavor to portray that character."

A voice—"Florence Nightingale."

Entertainer—"I said Shakespeare, not Dickens!"

"Yes, Jeremiah, Alice said that last night she dreamed she was dancing with you."

"You thrill me all to pieces, Hezekiah."

"—and she woke up to find her kid brother pounding her feet with a fatiron."

Bob Terhune (in Restaurant)—"How's the chicken today?"

Waitress—"Fine, how's yourself?"

Mr. Benson: "What can you tell me about nitrates?"

"Dick" Shepard: "Well, -er- they are a lot cheaper than day rates."

"Son, why are you always behind in your studies?"

"So that I might be able to pursue them, father."

Famous Cuts

Clean—
Short—
— rate
Aw—it out
Connecti—
School—up
Hair—
Upper—
—glass
—away
Veal—lets
Tow—
Cal—ta

"Can you drive with one hand?"

"You bet I can."

"Then have an apple."

M. D. No. 1—"Did you hold a mirror to her face to see if she was still breathing?"

M. C. No. 2—"Yes, and she opened one eye, gasped and reached for her powder puff."

"Have you ever taken ether?"

"No, who teaches it."

First flea: "Let's have a round of golf."

Second flea: "Where?"

First flea: "On the lynx."

Seven days without food makes one weak.

Miss Miller—"Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides?"

D. Leuppie—"I don't have to prove it. I admit it."



This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

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